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Volume CLXXVIII No. 2321 The SPHERE, London, July 15, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

CAEN FALLS TO THE BRITISH AND CANADIAN ARMIES: A CHURCHILL TANK IN FRONT OF THE FAMOUS WATER TOWER AT LEBISEY, a landmark lying just over a mile outside the city, after its capture by the advancing Allied forces

On Sunday last, July 9, Caen fell to the Allies, and British and Canadian troops entered the city a month after the first landings on the Normandy coast. Caen is the most important road junction in Normandy, and it was the eastern bastion of Rommel's defence line. By Sunday night, our troops held the line of the River Orne through the town, whilst the Germans were clinging to the railway suburbs on the southern bank. Caen is 130 miles from Paris : it is the sixth port of France (despite that it lies inland) ; and it is the hub of twelve major roads. During the battle for the town, the Water Tower at Lebisey, shown above, played a prominent part : situated just over a mile from Caen, it was an important position for the Germans owing to its location high on a hill overlooking the British lines, and was used by them as an observation post. Not only was the tower a target for our land artillery, but it had also been shelled by H.M.S. *Rodney* from the sea

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 254

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Robbing Peter.—Of all the twists and turns of tortured Hitler and worried Goebbels and their propaganda shifts, none has stimulated me more than the latest "frank" admission ("taking the German people into their confidence") that the Russian Front no longer matters, and must be left to itself while the "war is decided" in Normandy. Even if you grant that Hitler and Goebbels, alone of all wicked rulers of nations in world history, have found the power to "cheat *all* the people *all* the time," the effect of this *volte-face* on their own professional soldiers (not to speak of Allied or neutral opinion) must be very damaging to Hitler's reputation as an inspired strategist or even political wizard. Anything will do, no doubt, for the pigs and poultry which Nazism has made of the German race, but even to the most zealous Nazi who fights for the Fatherland on the Russian front, this must be a hard saying; and it cannot fail to encourage unfriendly outsiders. For facts still speak louder than words, even when every lying voice available has reached the apex of stridency; the moving spearhead draws daily nearer and nearer to German territory, as it brushes aside the depleted reserves which are all Hitler can spare, while he emulates his great predecessor *and eliminates his enemies one by one.* It looks, indeed, like a race, in which Hitler is by no means the favourite. For it seems already possible that by the time he has driven the British and Americans back into the sea, the battle to liquidate Stalin's contemptible little army will be fought on the soil of the Fatherland. And that is a misfortune for Germans which the Führer has always ridiculed.

V.1 Statistics—Very Rough!—The smoke-screen, which a democratic Government at war is justified (perhaps) in throwing between its people and the military events which affect them, often very grievously, was never thicker than that thrown over the flying bomb. For three weeks, on the grounds of military security, no slightest hint was given officially as to the number of launching ramps known and destroyed, the number of bombs launched and destroyed, the number of casualties caused, the extent of the material damage. People living in the thick of the trouble had a chance to work out an average of some of these figures from experience of their own section. People on the fringe of it or outside the trouble could rely only on second-hand opinion or on rumour. I should be the last to question the wisdom of the official decision, and I dare say I have been one of the last to attempt speculative statistics. I have discouraged V.1 as a family topic. A slight relaxation seems reasonable now. While still disinclined to increase the little knowledge available of what it has cost us in lives and property, it may be permitted me to make a blind calculation of what it has cost the Germans. Perhaps it has done much to contribute to the loss of Minsk, Siena and Cherbourg, and half-a-million fighting men. The little winged devils have in their construction much intricate machinery. I dare say each one turned out is the equal in cost and working hours of one-third of a Spitfire. Our percentage of kills is irrelevant. What matters is that, whether the flying bomb succeeds or fails, not one ever returns to the enemy for re-use. The bombardment has been practically non-stop for three weeks. Rumour tells us of villages which have grown used to seeing at least one every hour. The Ministry of Information allows us occasionally to hear of single squadrons who bag half-a-dozen in a few hours, of pilots who have downed two or three within as many minutes. Not much to work on for a statistician, which I am not. But suppose that in the 500 or so hours of three weeks of the V.1 blitz, the enemy had managed to get off, with breaks and intervals allowed for, one every two hours from ten ramps, that would give the figure of 2,500 little Spitfires lost to the Nazis. One might say, the equivalent of 1,000 vital fighters lost without contributing the slightest support to their fighting men or lessening appreciably the war effort of their enemy. A thousand (for all I know it may be 500 or 5,000) so destroyed in three weeks is on the "Battle of Britain scale"—and that was decisive in the scale of defeat. It is all very interesting, and I wish we had reasonable data for our calculation.

[*This note by the Old Stager was written before the Prime Minister's speech on July 6. It is given here because of the "intelligent anticipation" it contains.*—EDITOR.]

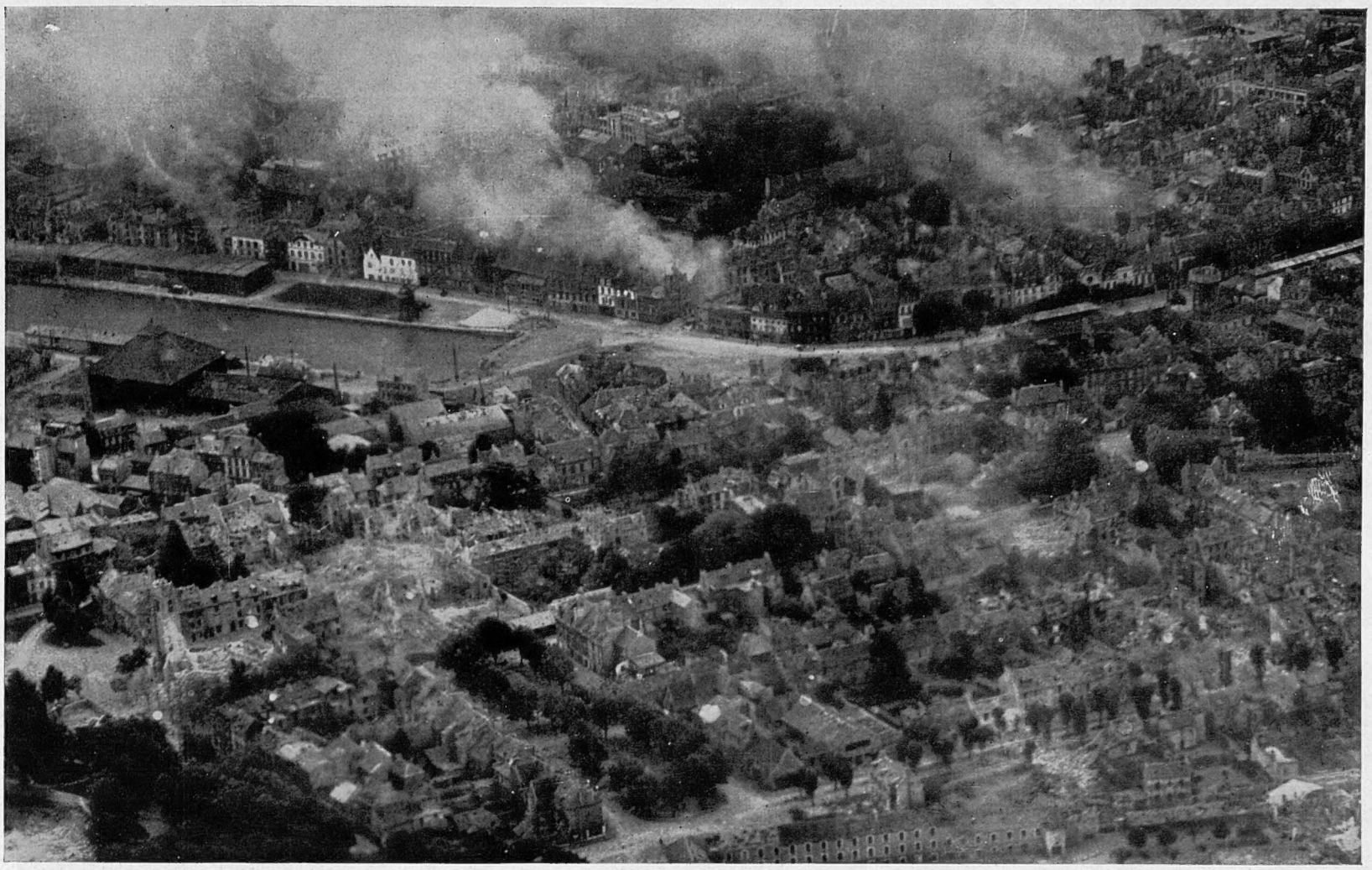
"Terror" Bombing.—On July 1, the political director of German Radio made a statement about "terror" bombing which is significant as a straw in the wind, but otherwise only of academic interest. "It is [he said] up to England to stop her bombing. [No mention of America.] If she ceases her terror attacks, then Germany will not be forced to use her flying bombs." Then he added (of course) that the bomb-ramps were indestructible and that bigger and better bombs, loaded with more horrible terror devices, were all ready and in store. This official kite (be it noted) was put out after a fortnight's trial of the flying bomb had shown disappointing results. Britain has not been "brought to her knees." The South of England is not mere "smouldering ashes." The invasion goes on. This kite has flown before, and there were already hints from Germany on June 17 that it would be flown again three weeks after the start of the flying-bomb campaign. Here it is, a little earlier than I expected. It proves (what we know) that Hitler would gladly sacrifice all his own new terror-bomb devices, if he could call off our assault on his factories and communications. Except as a straw for our Intelligence Service, this kite is of academic interest only. For this reason: even between two nations, both civilised and still cool, and only *contemplating* hostilities, no convention could possibly be agreed which could define and separate strategic and tactical bombing. Nothing short of outlawing all bombing from aeroplanes could do the trick. All bombing is "terror." So is all shelling. So was the use of bows and arrows. Let us argue a little further—academically. The British and American Governments, ruthless for total victory, are yet composed of humane men. These men might argue: Germany is now doomed to defeat sooner or later. If we "agreed" to Hitler's suggestion and stopped all bombing from to-day, we should still win in the end (it 's a mathematical certainty), and we could save the lives of thousands of non-combatants, women, children and old people. Ought we not to try, as humanitarians? Then a cooler analytical brain would intervene, in this sense:—If you lengthen the war by outlawing bombing, you will greatly increase the casualties of the fighting men. *Who matter most* in the vital years immediately ahead for the rebuilding of England — the young, selected, trained, healthy fighting men or the older, weaker men on the home front, the older women, and the young, unformed children? There is only one answer.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH NAMES A FLYING FORTRESS. When the King and Queen and Princess Elizabeth paid a visit to American heavy bomber stations, at one of them the young Princess named a new Flying Fortress the "Rose of York." The bomber carries the white rose as its emblem, and the Princess received, appropriately, a bouquet of white roses from the Commanding Officer of the station. In this picture, the royal visitors are seen with Lieut.-General Doolittle, Commander of the Eighth Air Force, beside the big aircraft after the naming ceremony

Cheating the Hangman.—Jack Ketch must be feeling blue already. So many of his potential victims are finding other exits from this troubled life. I assume that in our elaborate post-war planning an international posse of hangmen has already been appointed, and that its fees will be on a per capita basis. And already the golden harvest is being decimated by enthusiastic amateurs, who act on a simplified writ of *Oyer and Terminer.* They cut out the "Oyer," and concentrate on the "Terminer." A very considerable list, ending (to date) with Henriot, could already be compiled of Nazis, Quislings and other thugs and murderers and traitors who have already escaped the Judgment Seat and cheated the hangman. And scores of Generals, wanted for murder, have died in battle. And, mark my words, as time and the Allies move forward, that list will grow until, perhaps, when the Day of Judgment dawns at last, they will hand the Judges pairs of white gloves, and give Jack Ketch the consolation prize of an ex gratia grant. Rough justice, perhaps, this Lynch Law; yet for how many of the victims doomed would a legal trial be but a formality! What need have we of further witness? When the order goes forth that the vermin shall be destroyed, who bothers to inquire whether this rat or that jay actually nibbled this corn or stripped those peas? From the first I have ventured to prophesy that, in planning the International Court for the trial of war criminals, no outsize dock need be incorporated. I am convinced that very few of the chief criminals, from Hitler downwards, will find their way into it. They will die in battle or by their own hands, or at the hands of the mob—their victims' or their own countrymen. And perhaps it is better so. They have already had a fair trial, and death untimely is their sentence. It is much too light a sentence. They deserve, each one, the long, intolerable agony of a St. Helena, contemplating their crimes and errors in the scorn of humanity.

All Prisoners and Captives.—A friend who is a P.O.W. in Germany writes of his intense sympathy with those young men who have endured now four years of Stalag existence; and he asks what is being done to attempt to exchange these long-sentence cases? Four years cut out of their first youth in such surroundings! Serving soldiers who have served even five or six years abroad without home leave are not in comparable case, hard as their lot is. After four years in a prison camp, it is understandable how high a measure of courage and grit and philosophy is required to keep smiling, to ward off despair and bitterness of spirit. My friend speaks with admiration of the efforts they are making, pathetic to witness. Leave for long-service soldiers is very difficult to arrange, and I can believe that exchange of long-sentence prisoners of war may involve more and difficult obstacles, perhaps insoluble. But efforts to secure it should never be relaxed. My friend has endured a shorter sentence, and during it he has been nursed back to health and strength with every assistance that medical science can give. There are indications in his letter that humanity and understanding are not wanting among the officials of his prison camp. What an insoluble mystery is the character of this detested race of Germans. These officials are of the same blood and creed as those who plan and launch the flying bomb on built-up areas, who execute mass murders and slam the gates of Mercy on mankind. And yet there exist witnesses who could, and sometimes do, give evidence of humanity and understanding sympathy among those Nazis who have their most hated enemies totally in their power.

THE OLD STAGER

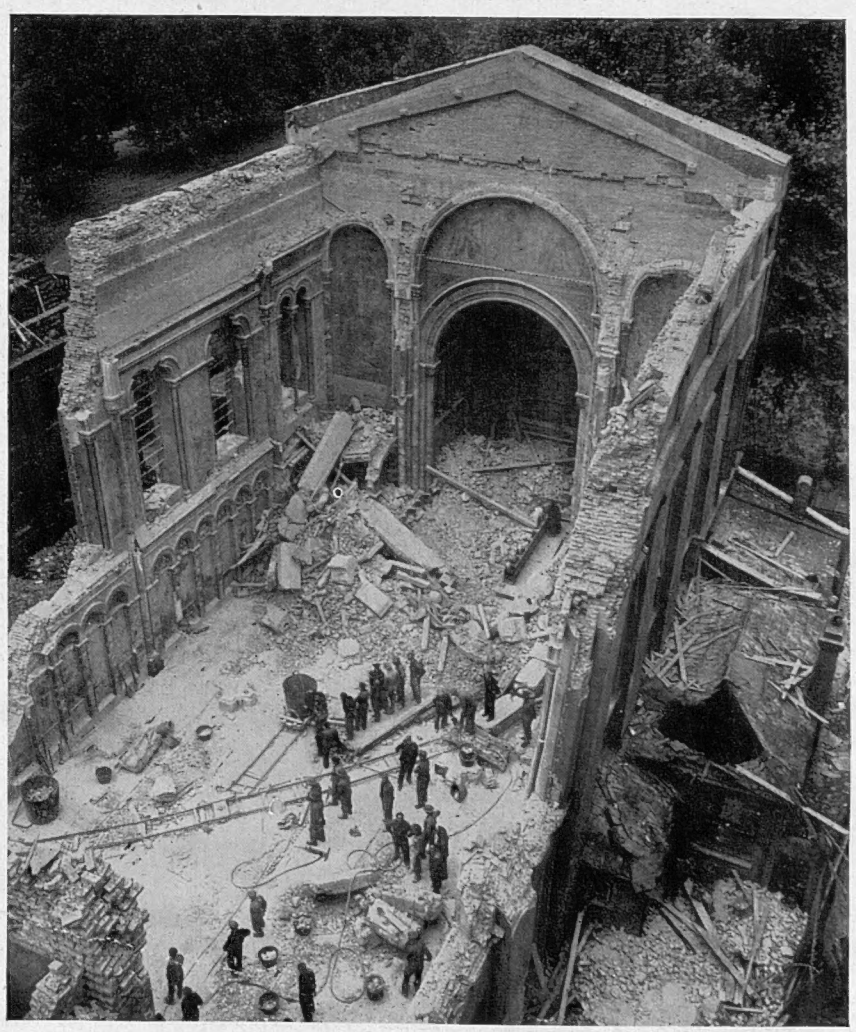


THE CAPTURE OF CAEN

This reconnaissance picture was taken by the R.A.F. during the first week of the Normandy campaign: it shows the fires burning in Caen as a result of the British bombardments and bombings. Since then, the town has suffered great damage as the result of the further attacks leading up to its capture on Sunday, July 9. The River Orne flows through Caen, dividing the northern, and principal, part from the suburb of Vaucelles: it was the northern half which fell into our hands on Sunday, leaving the suburb still to be captured before our armour could debouch on to the plains beyond. Linking Caen with the sea is a canal, which runs out into the Bay of the Seine at Ouistreham: by means of this, Caen is the sixth port of France, handling as much cargo as Cherbourg itself. For a month this town has been the principal bastion in Rommel's defensive line: now it and its twelve major roads are in British hands

THE STRANGLING OF KIEL

A month before the landings in Normandy, aircraft of Bomber Command laid mines in the Kiel Canal, the most heavily defended waterway in the world. As a result, it was estimated that not less than 1,000,000 metric tons of cargo to and from overseas ports, and about half that amount of coastwise cargo, was held up. This air view of the Kiel Canal, taken by an R.A.F. reconnaissance plane, shows the massed shipping bottled up all over the whole area and unable to move owing to the mining operations carried out by British aircraft



THE BOMBING OF THE GUARDS' CHAPEL

During a recent Sunday morning Service, the historic Royal Military Chapel known as the Guards' Chapel, in Wellington Barracks, received a direct hit from a flying bomb. The building can hold 600, but only 180 were present when the bomb fell: the roof and its reinforced concrete supports collapsed, and a number of the congregation were trapped under the wreckage. No official announcement of the death-roll has been made, but a number of military and civilian worshippers were killed. This picture was taken after most of the debris had been cleared away by rescue workers

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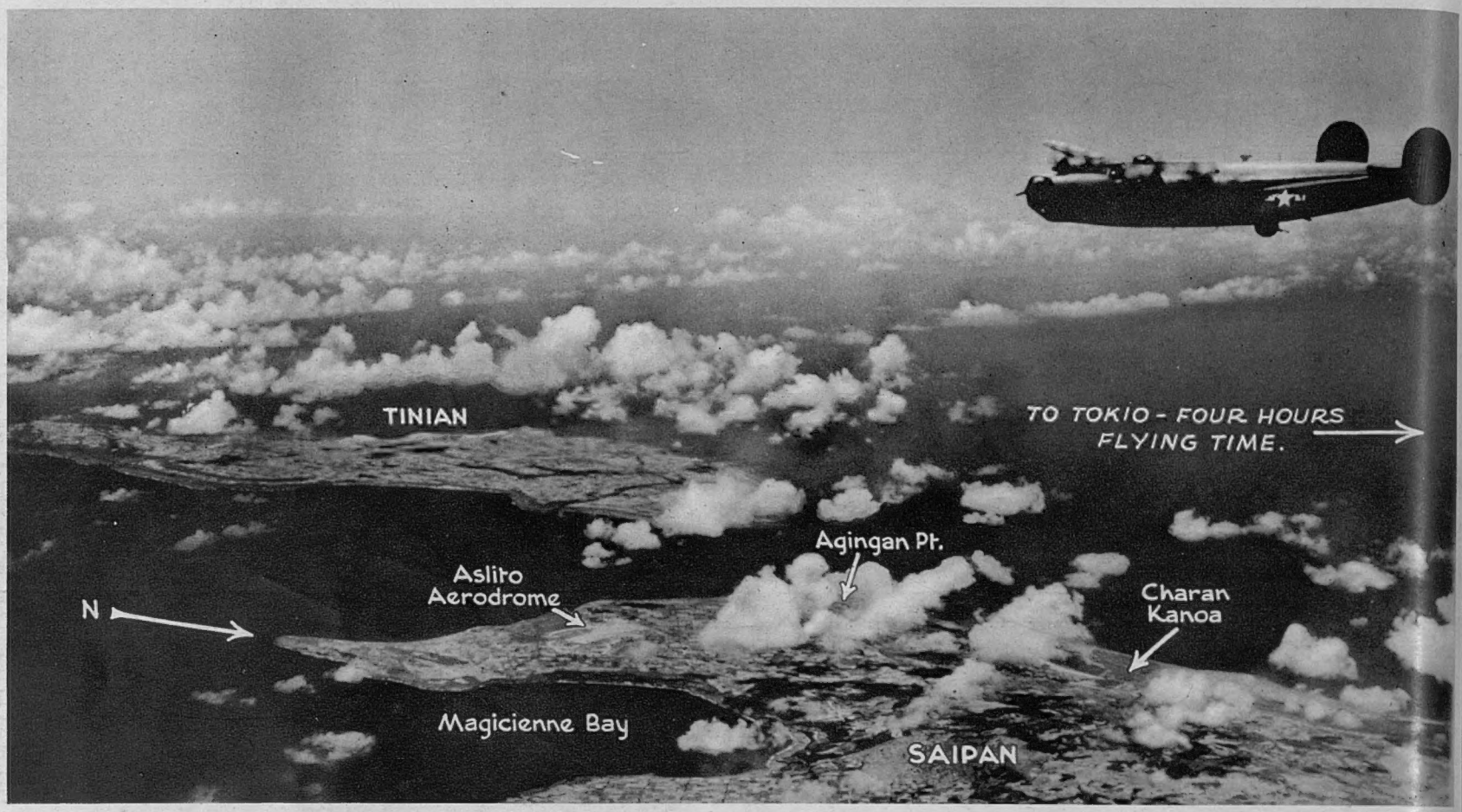
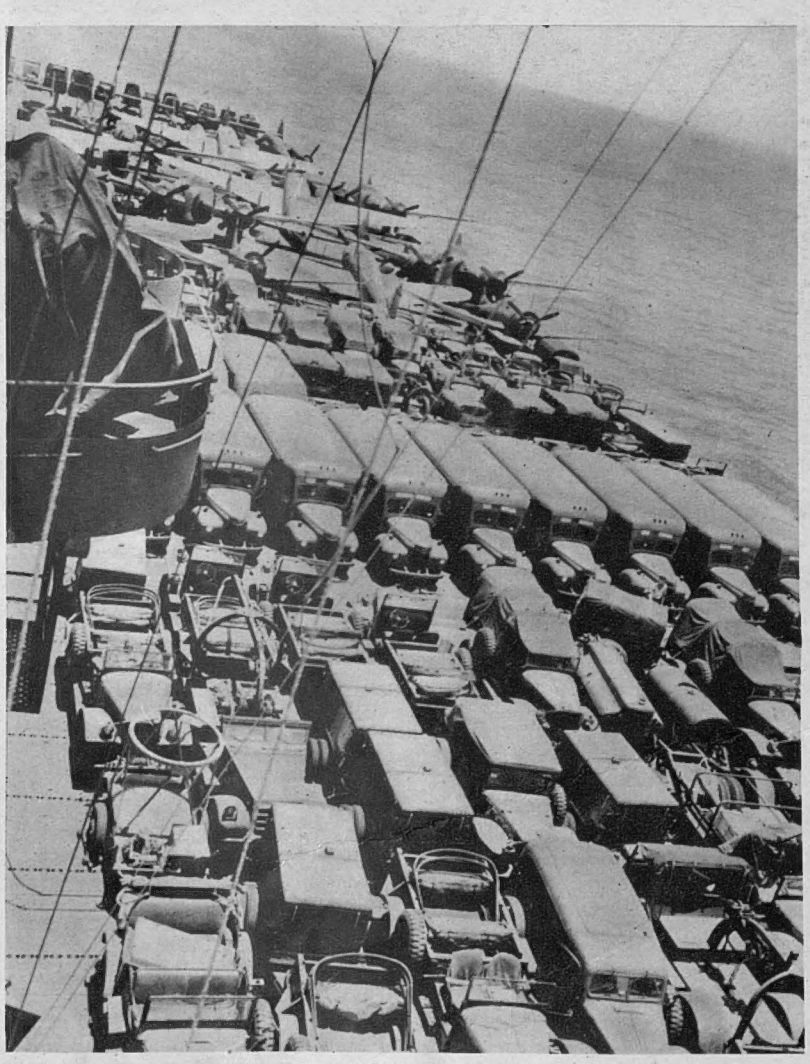


The FIGHTING in the PACIFIC

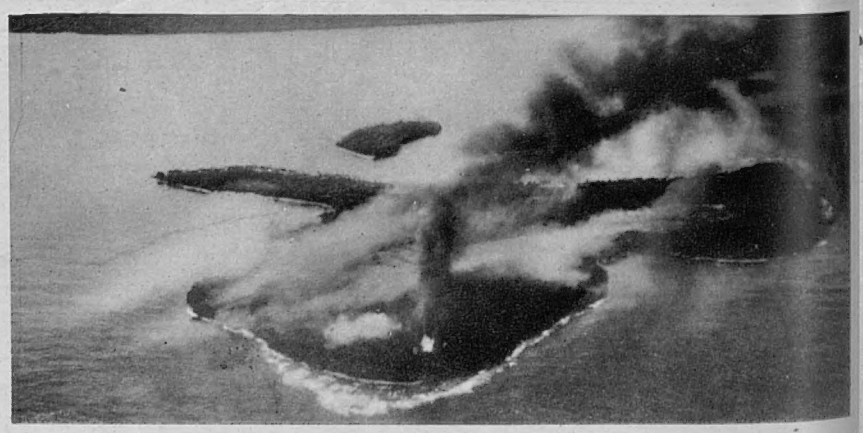
The Great American Assault at Saipan, Largest Island of the Marianas Group

SAIPAN AND TINIAN, THE TWO CHIEF ISLANDS IN THE MARIANAS, attacked by powerful American forces in the early half of June: A picture taken whilst bombers of the Seventh Army Air Force were supporting the American ground forces enlarging their bridgeheads. On June 10-12 a powerful American carrier task force struck heavily at Saipan and Tinian. U.S. assault troops went ashore on Saipan, after a heavy bombardment of all the islands by battleships, cruisers and destroyers, and heavy air bombing by carrier-based aircraft. Virtually all the heavy coastal and anti-aircraft batteries on Saipan were knocked out and the American troops established beach-heads, captured Agingan Point, broke into the town of Charankanoa and advanced inland in face of strong resistance and heavy artillery and mortar fire, breaking up several Japanese counter-attacks with tanks. The planes which took part operated from bases previously captured from the Japanese in the Marshall Islands

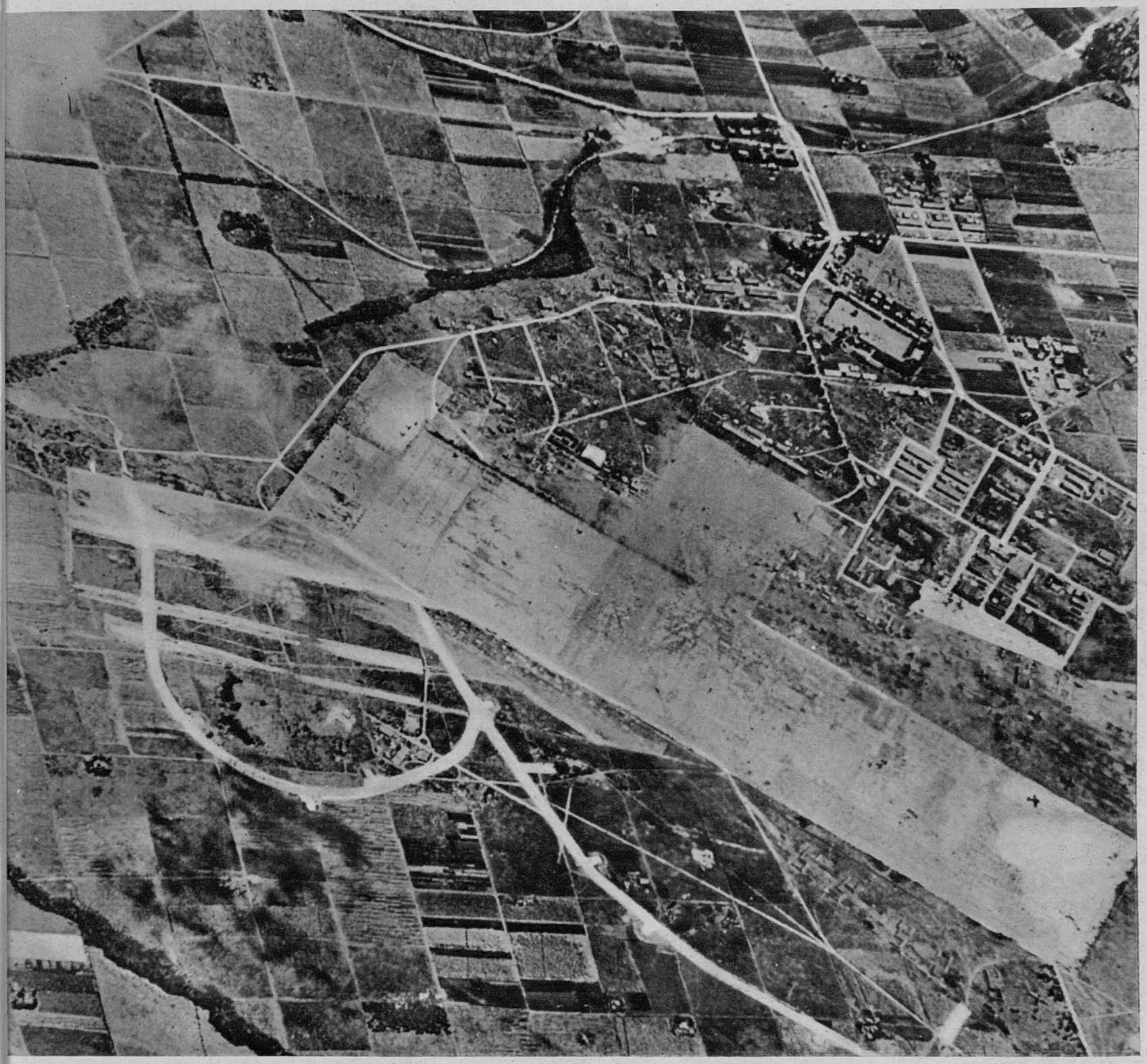


DURING THE AMPHIBIOUS OPERATIONS IN THE CENTRAL PACIFIC: An unusual scene on the flight deck of an American carrier: Tightly packed together, these lorries and other military vehicles take up the major portion of the huge deck space, leaving only the tail end of the flight deck free for the carrier's aircraft. This equipment was en route to a Pacific naval station when the picture was taken. The co-ordination between the naval and military forces throughout the Pacific campaign has been well-nigh perfect. This instance of adaptability—in the transforming of a warship for Army needs—is just one instance of American inter-Services co-operation

A TARGET ON TRUK ISLAND under attack from the air: An American naval plane went down low to get this striking picture of a formidable Jap gun battery on top of Fefan Island on Truk atoll. The picture was taken at about the time that American Dauntless dive-bombers were going to work on this same target. Based here are six 30-mm. guns, a Command Post, rangefinder and many automatic anti-aircraft guns



IMMOBILISING THE JAPANESE AIRCRAFT DURING THE INVASION OF NEW GUINEA. One day before the landings at Hollandia, American carrier-based planes blasted nearby Wakde Island. They came from the large task force which participated in the invasion. The Wakde airfield was heavily hit, many planes were destroyed, and the field was "immobilised" as a source of counter-attack against the operation the following day. A month after the Hollandia victory, Wakde itself was taken



THE KEY AIRFIELD AT AISLITO, ON SAIPAN ISLAND, IN THE MARIANA GROUP, JUST BEFORE ITS CAPTURE BY THE AMERICANS

Here is an aerial view of the largest and most important air base in the Marianas: the photograph was made before this strategic airfield fell to the hard-fighting American invasion forces. Japanese fighter and bomber planes can be seen lined up along the edges of the long flight strip. It has been pointed out in Washington that these landings were, in view of the proximity of the Marianas (a group of fourteen islands about 1,000 miles from Japan, constituting a "bomb Tokyo" base) to the Japanese mainland, the most important amphibious operations yet undertaken in the Pacific. Like the Marshalls and Carolines, the Marianas were Spanish and German before becoming Japanese. Saipan, one of the largest islands, was the seat of government and was strongly defended by the Japs

PURSUING THE JAP AIR FORCES IN THE CENTRAL PACIFIC WAR ZONE: An American warship engages an enemy torpedo plane. Streams of bright tracer shells from the anti-aircraft batteries of an American light-plane carrier are making a pathway of fire towards the attacking Japanese torpedo plane. The latter can just be seen in the centre of the photograph close to the water, as it was making its torpedo run to the carrier. Soon after this photograph was taken from the deck of the latter the shells found their mark and the plane hit the water a blazing wreck

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A PENITENT HAW-HAW?

The Allied Traitors Who Have Been Broadcasting for Goebbels to the English-Speaking Countries

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE thought came to me as I read about Colonel Rocke's reference, in Perugia, to his "former second-in-command," and it is a pretty thought. It is this: That all the time Haw-Haw has been broadcasting for Goebbels, he has been doubling the job with one of secret agent in the service of the awe-inspiring British Intelligence.

Living and moving more or less on the inside of affairs; listening to off-the-record statements; making facility visits to prohibited sites and areas; admitted to the confidence of Nazi colleagues and even high-ups, as the fanatically Hitler-devoted Herr Froelich (by naturalisation). And going to the microphone, and by an intonation here, a stress there, a pause, a clearing of the throat, a special choice of arrangement of words, a verbal twist, a florid sentence, yes, even a hiccup, by such means conveying red-hot information to decoders in London, glued to his minutely monitored broadcasts.

And, when temporarily prevented on grounds of prudence from so carrying on (Bill Shirer wrote how the Germans were quick to note it when he began using strange emphasis to convey forbidden matter on the ether to America), there arose the subsidiary picture of Haw-Haw otherwise communicating with his London masters.

What a spy yarn! What a leg-pull of the great B.P.! For years listening on and off to this man and thinking him a black traitor, while all the time Haw-Haw was aught but a shining knight—two or three times a night when things hotted up.

On the fantasy passing, another picture, rather more real:

Herr Froelich, if ever he should elect to don his Mosley uniform and march erect towards an advancing British party, will have other justification ready, or so one is advised in legal circles. Born of Irish parents in the United States, he will claim to have been covered by American nationality during the first year of the war, when America was yet neutral, and to have become a naturalised German under the play of "Joyce" into "Froelich," long before American became a belligerent. This would let him out of the treatment which the U.S. professes to have in store for American Haw-Haws. But should it missfire, Herr Froelich has a second line to fall back on.

He could claim Eireann nationality until he became a German in 1940. If it were proved that he had an Eireann passport in his possession when he left England for the last time, in August 1939, it would not be possible to take proceedings under the special Treachery Act of 1940, which excepts citizens of self-governing Dominions and, all the more so, of anomalously placed Eire.

What is more likely to happen than either of the above dénouements is that Herr Froelich will fade into a neutral State retaining links with Germany, and there put up an intricate battle against extradition; or else that he will go underground in "Greater Germany," as hordes of Nazi fanatics expect to do. He runs a risk of being bumped off in the German collapse; as for the other exit, suicide, that would be unlikely. This shrewd customer appreciates better than most that Fascism is going to die hard even in Britain, and that something may turn up in the future in his regard. He has assuredly often thought of the pals he left behind him in the Isle of Man, who will have to be released one day.

Meanwhile, it will surprise some people to learn that the best legal brains have got to get down to this Haw-Haw business. Interest is mounting in Parliament, and is but a reflection of uneasiness and even anger in the country. Ministers are exceedingly curt, and at the moment Mr. Attlee seems to have said the last word: "These individuals will not be included in the category of war criminals. They will be charged with offences against British law and brought to trial in the appropriate British court."

Any of the following three methods may be judged appropriate: Prosecution under the fourteenth-century Statute of Treasons; under the 1940 Treachery Act lasting "for the duration"; and under Defence Regulation 2A. Under the first two a verdict of "guilty" could only bring the death sentence. Under the third, a judge can order anything from immediate release to penal servitude for life.

On the face of it, there does not appear to be a clearer case of treachery in wartime than that of a person who places his knowledge, nationality, and special aptitude at the service of an enemy with a view to reducing the resistance of his own people to that enemy. I can't see how prater Haw-Hawism is anything but that, nor how casuistry can make it other. The American Attorney-General evidently sees it this way, since he foreshadows treason proceedings, with the death sentence attached, against eight Americans who are indicted for repeated broadcasts designed to "persuade citizens of the United States to decline to support their country in the conduct of the war." Four of the Americans are journalists. The list is headed by former army officer and agency foreign correspondent Robert H. Best. Now nearing fifty, Best had his *Stammtisch* in Vienna, and several times did I sit with him, until his habit of speaking with his eyes closed drove one away. Constance Drexel, who is older, used to call at my Paris office, as a special writer. She later went in for Zeppelin flying. Ezra Pound, of the fair goatee and fancy garments, was a lion of the Dôme in my Montparnasse days just after the last war.

Jane Anderson, another about fifty, was reporting in London prior to being arrested as a spy by the Franco side. Douglas Chandler, aged fifty-four, used to be a Baltimore journalist, but has been round Europe for a dozen years or more. The others are two teachers, Kolschwitz and Kaltenbach, and Delaney, a small-part stage and film actor. The youngest is Kolschwitz, forty-one, and the average age is nearer fifty.

As for our own brood, the record is literally there in each case; one has only to call on the B.B.C. Monitory Service and then turn samples on in court of what Joyce said, and John Amery, and Baillie-Stewart, and Wodehouse, and Rocke, and the Man with the North Country accent, and the Australian journalist in Tokyo. That makes seven males, and there are, no doubt, others. To them must be added at least five females: "Anne Thomas," nom-de-mike alleged to conceal the wife of a prominent engineer; "Mary Fraser," who goes for Scottish listeners, using *Loch Lomond* as her signature-tune; Margot White; Margaret Joyce; and Amy Gillet, who must be formidable, since she used to be a Queensland J.P. and, before that, of Hull, Yorks.

In parenthesis, one of this bunch calls me "the Irish renegade," and tells of articles that I've never written; deeply honoured, I'm sure; must have trodden on their toes somewhere.

Juries might be impressed by what these people said and how they said it. They might recommend to mercy accordingly. Some utterances might ring sincere and be painfully true into the bargain. Other mouthings would sound for what they were—lies and jeers, traps and sneers. Yet counsel for the defence would assuredly point out how few inroads were made even by Haw-Haw himself. I know I should pay close attention to *when* the broadcasts were made.

It might not arise in law, but the person who laid on to this country when she was really up against it in 1940-41 would leave me cold in regard to mercy. Also the person who had no need whatever to do what he or she did, save from promptings of personal comfort. Nor would I accept for a moment from any of these people, however much they were formerly respected, the plea that they didn't think they were doing any harm. People who talk on enemy installations in total war are no fools, whatever else they may be.

The penitent Haw-Haw is bound to turn up. One can already hear him (or her) saying: "We were only trying to make things easier for you. We truly thought you had gone." Unless Rocke is shown to be the half-hero he professes, working for us at the same time that he broadcast for Mussolini in dire 1940, then this former tall and debonair soldier-of-fortune type, whom I knew at Ypres, in Rome, and on the Riviera, figures as the first penitent Haw-Haw. I see that his original name was Currey and that he married American money.

So far as I can recall, Rocke chiefly boosted the Fascist State and its leader and invited us to play ball. Each of these people have their special line. Amery, who was taken as a hostage on the Riviera in 1942, was released from Vals, and led off with a denunciation of our Dieppe landing, now specialises in virulence directed at Jew and Plutocrat-ridden England.

A curious case, not among the named fraternity, is that of the Lancastrian who took out Vichy nationality. This individual pities the democracies and has addressed himself to Americans. I believe he is now lecturing in France, rather a tight-rope performance. I asked the London French about him, and they said: "Well, we are going to denounce every naturalisation granted by Vichy. You can have him back if you want him!"

History's first Haw-Haws, the Frenchmen, Paul Ferdonnet, alias "The Traitor of Stuttgart," and André Obrecht, were sentenced to death by the Daladier Government in 1939, and I don't know what has become of them—they may be in Paris with the Germans. Ferdonnet, a third-rate author, did distinct damage to French Army morale in the phoney Maginot squatting. Thanks to liaison with Fifth Column informers within France, he would tell French units where they were being billeted next—and they were.

But it is on the cards that the most damaging of all Haw-Haws are the German Generals von Seydlitz and von Daniels, who broadcast regularly from Moscow to the *Wehrmacht* on the Eastern Front, telling all ranks to chuck a useless war being run by Hitler for Hitler, and to live so that Germany may live also.

THE ORIGINAL LORD HAW-HAW: William Joyce, alias Froelich, former member of Sir Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists, whose supercilious tones are well known to British listeners

JOHN AMERY, a renegade Englishman who, after a dubious career in England and on the Riviera, made his debut as a Nazi propagandist after the Fall of France and after many jubilant flourishes by the Germans

EX-LIEUT. N. BAILLIE-STEWART, who became known in February 1933 as the "Officer-in-the-Tower," where he was placed under arrest for an offence under the Official Secrets Act. He was sentenced to five years penal servitude

COLONEL CYRIL ROCKE, confirmed admirer of Mussolini and at one time a paid propagandist on behalf of Italy. He was British Military Attaché in Rome from 1918-21 and was in the capital when Italy declared war; he has since attacked democracy on the Fascist radio

P. G. WODEHOUSE, who, after being interned in Germany for a year, allowed the enemy to capitalise his fame and consented to broadcast for the Germans. He now has the freedom of all Germany and an expensive suite of rooms at the Adlon Hotel, Berlin

THE ENGLISHMEN WHO HAVE BROADCAST FOR THE ENEMY

NEW PICTURES from RUSSIA

More About the Shuttle Bombers; and Scenes After the Great Victories at Vitebsk and Mogilev

THE FIRST AMERICAN PLANES LAND IN RUSSIA: Flying Fortresses peel off to land after having attacked German-occupied Europe. Other Fortresses have already landed and their crews are being welcomed by high-ranking American and Soviet military leaders upon the completion of "Shuttle-Bombing Mission No. 1," which had for its specific target a marshalling yard just behind the German-Russian front

A CONTROL TOWER NEARS COMPLETION: American and Russian soldiers put the finishing touches to a Flying Control Tower at a Russian base. Lumber necessary for the building came from the packing-cases in which supplies were shipped in anticipation of the shuttle-bombing programme

MOGILEV IS LIBERATED: Shortly after the great offensive was opened by Russia, this important German base was captured. In the picture is shown the scene which met the victors as they entered the town, with houses set on fire before the enemy retreated

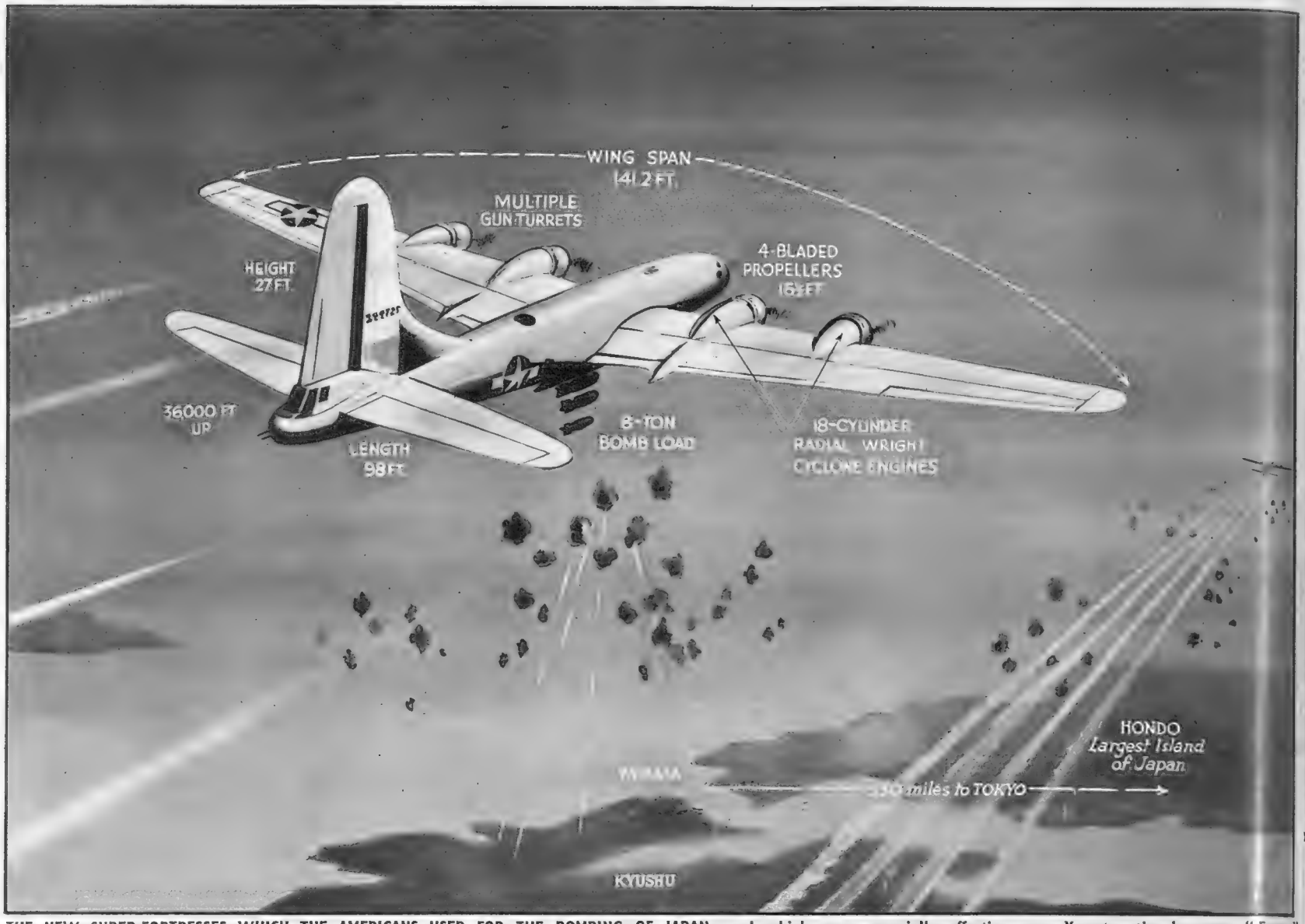
SOVIET TANKS ROLL THROUGH MOGILEV: The spearhead of the Red Army passing through the outskirts of the town: after long occupation by the enemy, many parts were deliberately wrecked by the retreating German hordes in their usual vindictive fashion

SOVIET TROOPS LIBERATE VITEBSK: Inhabitants of the city telling soldiers of the Red Army who followed close on the retreating Germans of their sufferings under Nazi rule. Vitebsk was freed on June 26: on July 3 came the news of the fall of the great German bastion of Minsk

A NOW FAMILIAR SIGHT IN RUSSIA: Inhabitants of Vitebsk, who had hidden from the Germans in dug-outs around the city during the enemy occupation, are here seen returning to their homes with their few possessions piled up on hand-carts to start life afresh

IN A MOSCOW FACTORY. The young workers acquaint themselves with the arena of Allied operations in Northern France. During their lunch-time they follow the war news and political information with great eagerness

THE RADIO BRINGS FRESH NEWS ABOUT THE WAR: Another scene from Moscow, showing workers in the factory yard gathered around the loudspeaker to hear the latest reports from the battlefronts of Europe

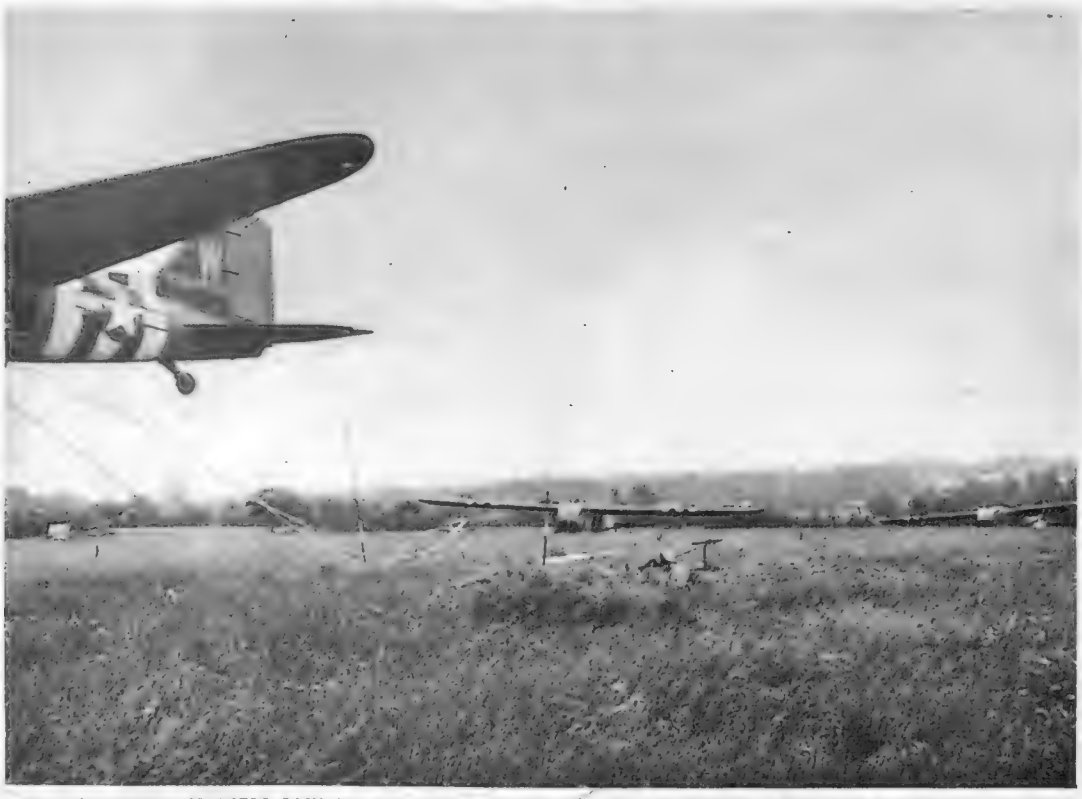


THE NEW SUPER-FORTRESSES WHICH THE AMERICANS USED FOR THE BOMBING OF JAPAN, and which were especially effective over Yawata, the Japanese "Essen." Details and appearance of these huge aircraft are given here.—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

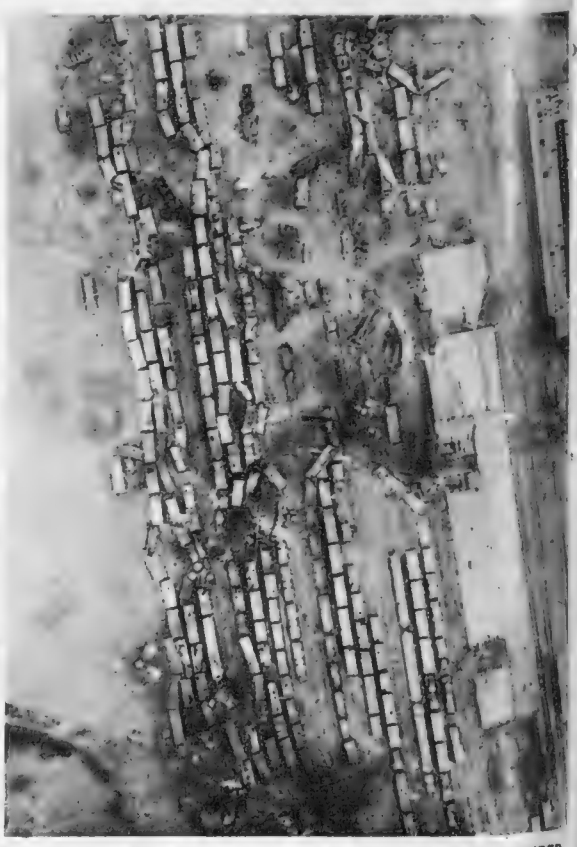
FLYING OPERATIONS in the Pacific and in France

New Drawings of the War by Air

Yawata is a seaport on the northern tip of Kyushu Island, the southernmost of the main Japanese Islands, 530 miles south of Tokyo. It is the home of the Imperial Iron and Steel Works, and it was hit by a "sizable force" of the Twentieth U.S. Bomber Command during the last American attack on the Japanese mainland. The new Super-Fortresses which carried out the attack are capable of taking a bomb load of eight tons over a 5,000-mile range: at the same time, they have been equipped to defend themselves against heavy attack by fighter aircraft, because their terrifically long range far outstrips that of fighter escorts. It may safely be assumed that the Super-Forts approached Tokyo at an altitude of more than 30,000 ft. and at a speed in excess of 300 miles per hour with the heaviest bomb loads and the greatest armaments of any plane in the world. These new aircraft are, incidentally, land-based, and they were flying above the ceiling of Jap Zero fighters and anti-aircraft guns



HOW THE TROOP-CARRIERS PICK UP THE GLIDERS which had landed on the fields of Normandy: This work is carried out by the Ninth Air Force, whose troop-carriers pick up the gliders whilst in actual flight above the fields. This is the first time that such an operation has been performed in such a manner. In goal-post fashion, poles are erected 20-ft. apart and about 10 or 12 ft. high: across them is stretched the nylon tow-rope, to be caught in full flight and at a speed of 100 m.p.h. by a hanging device from the low-flying aircraft which fastens itself automatically to the tow-rope. In rubber-like tugs, possible owing to the nature of the nylon tow-rope, the aircraft pulls the glider from the ground and into the air in a matter of less than 100 ft.



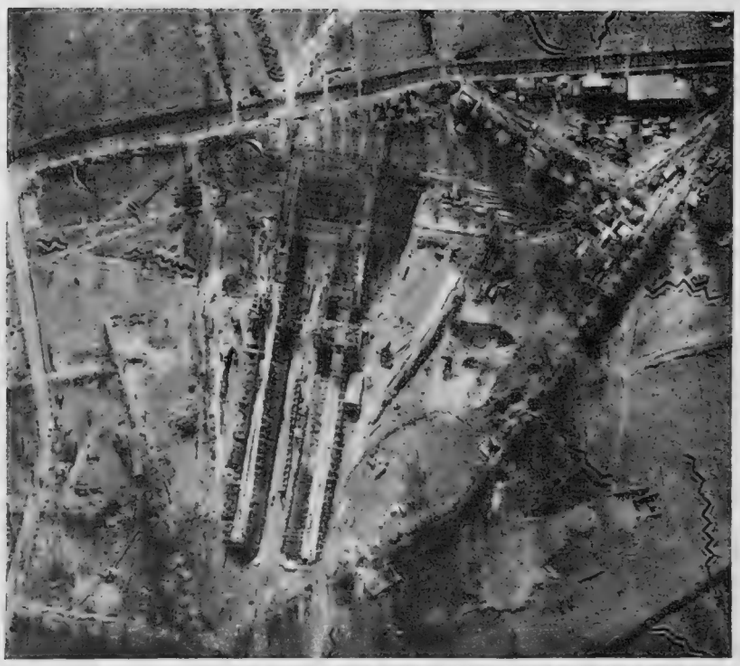
HOW THE MEZIDON MARSHALLING YARDS WERE BOMBED. Over 500 waggons were in the yards, and direct hits on the trucks destroyed more than half of them. The attack was carried out by fighter-bombers of the U.S. Ninth Air Force (see *drawing at right*)

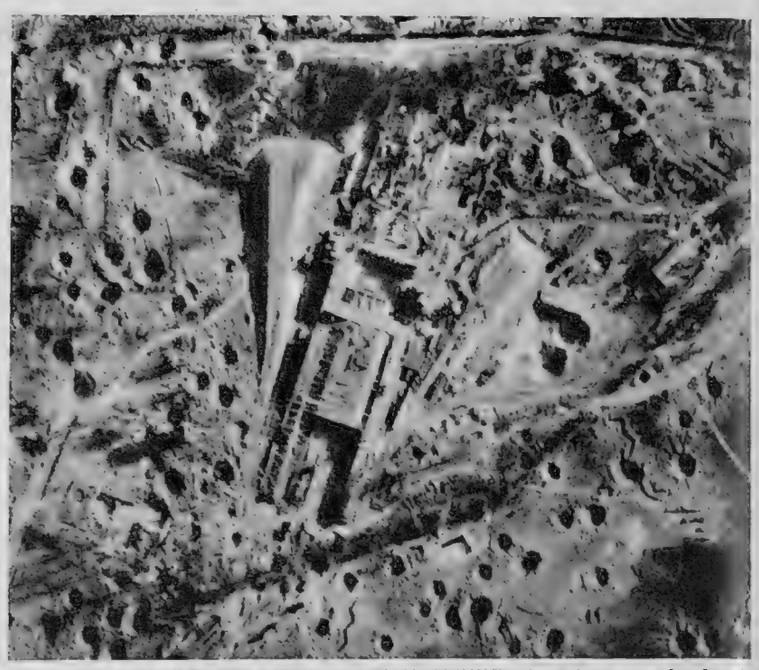
ON AN AIRFIELD IN NORMANDY: The types of fighters and medium bombers which are now operating from advanced aerodromes built within the battle zone, thus obviating the cross-Channel flight from Southern England—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Every advance on this battlefront means another airfield site. Several airstrips were under construction within a day of the first Allied landings, and many are now in full operation. As each few miles are taken from the Germans, R.A.F. airfield construction engineers are on the spot. Bulldozers have been rushed forward, runways have been made, and R.A.F. Commandos have moved in with their equipment. Hundreds of sorties per day are being made by fighters and fighter-bombers from the completed airfields. There is a constant stream of planes landing and taking off. Squadrons of Spitfires fly in and out from dawn till dusk: Mustangs land in ones and twos: Lightnings and Thunderbolts come in after completing missions far into enemy territory. Some of the airfields are only a few miles from the front, and all were within sound of the big guns the Allies fired at the Germans in Cherbourg. They are level and fairly smooth fields, covered with wire matting—but very, very dusty indeed. These fields cut down the distance the fighting aircraft must travel to hit the enemy and make possible almost twice as much duty for each aeroplane every day, now that the flight across the Channel, and back again, has been obviated

THE BOMBING OF THE RAIL CROSSINGS AND MARSHALLING YARDS AT MEZIDON BY THUNDERBOLT FIGHTER-BOMBERS. Cutting off the German reinforcements from the fighting area around Caen at a very vital point—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The name of the little town of Mezidon has been figuring frequently in the communiques from Normandy during recent days, because of the attention which has been paid to it by Allied bombers. It is a central point for the roads and railways feeding the German forward positions around Caen: it stands at the entrance to a wide plain which is watered by the Dives River. South of it lies the little town of St. Pierre-sur-Dives, which possesses a most beautiful Norman church dating from the thirteenth century, of which, however, only the original tower now remains. The bombing of the railways in Normandy has had the effect of forcing the Germans to bring up all their supplies of ammunition and fuel by road; with the inevitable result that these, too, are now being laid under heavy aerial bombardment by Allied aircraft which daily go out to search for just such targets

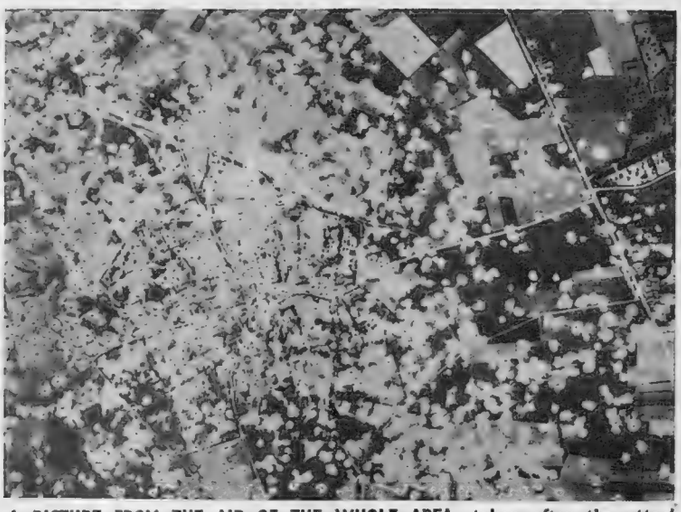




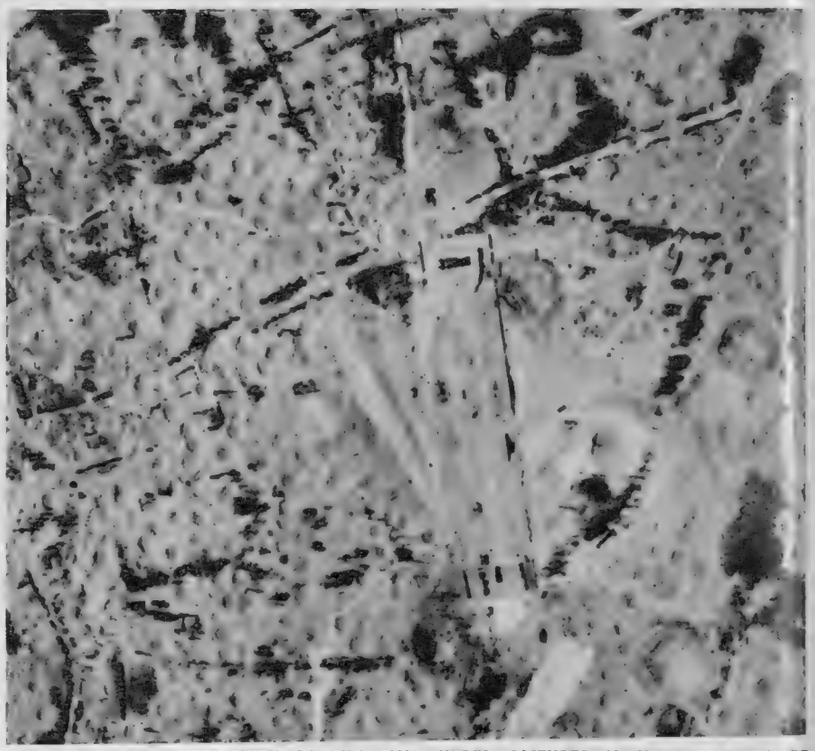
On left—**A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ONE OF THE BASES UNDER CONSTRUCTION.** *On right*—**THE CONCRETE STRUCTURE IS NEARLY FINISHED, but the target is already pitted with bomb-craters after the first of the Allied air raids.** These pictures, together with those given below, show the results of Allied air attacks on a large constructional work in the Pas de Calais area, similar to the large site recently captured in the Cherbourg Peninsula. The target consisted of a large concrete structure and a number of ancillary buildings probably associated with it. These, and other similar sites, have been attacked from time to time by aircraft of R.A.F. Bomber Command and the U.S. Army Air Forces. The pictures show the results of the attacks and, in particular, of the concentrated attack by Bomber Command on June 22

HITTING the FLYING BOMB BASES

Remarkable Pictures of the "Obliteration Bombing" Carried Out by Allied Aircraft in the Pas de Calais Area



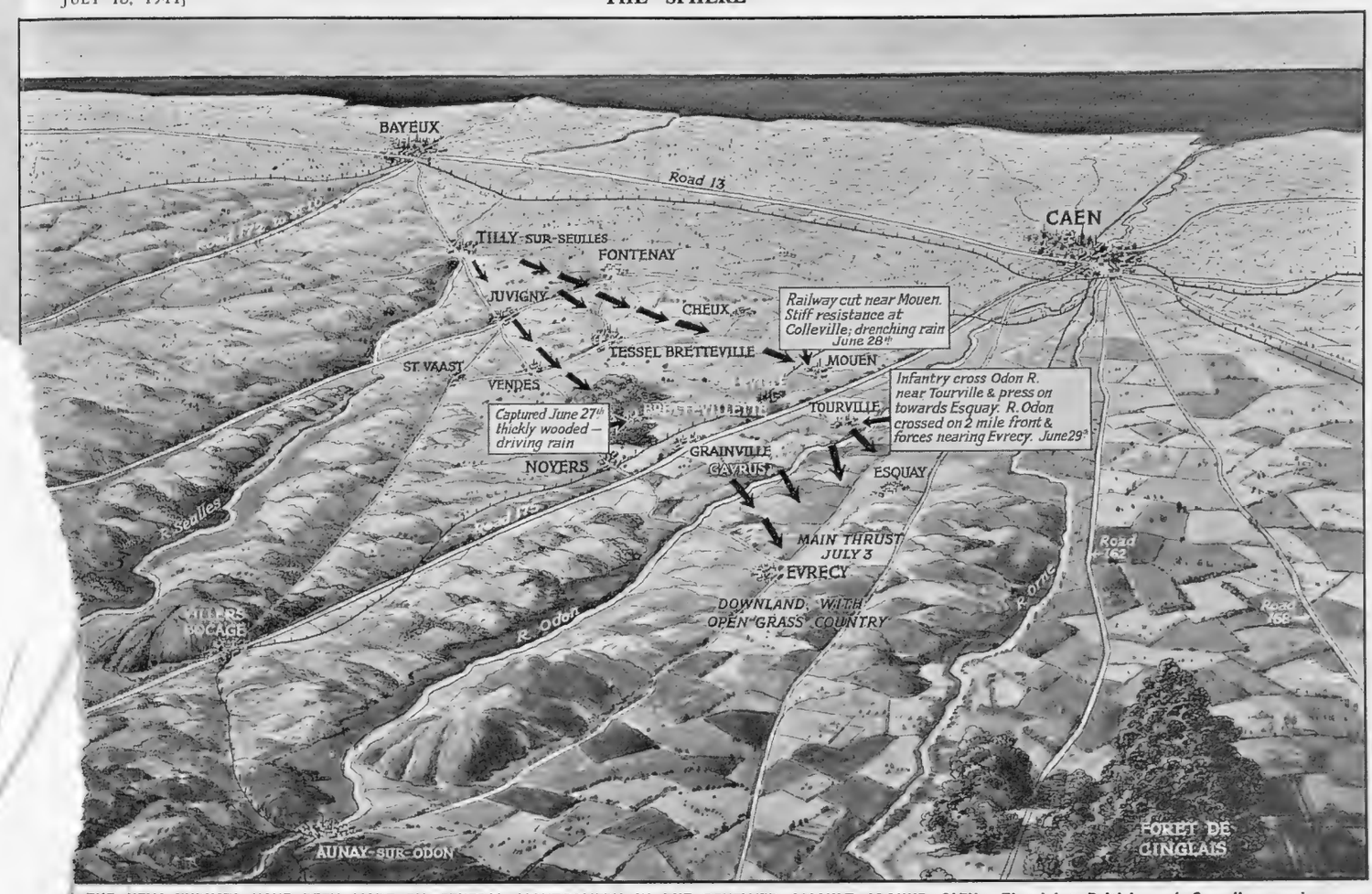
A PICTURE FROM THE AIR OF THE WHOLE AREA, taken after the attacks by American aircraft and the very heavy attack by Bomber Command on June 22. The area is pock-marked by hundreds of bomb-craters which cover the ground like fallen apple blossom



THE SITE GIVEN IN THE TWO UPPER PICTURES IS HERE SEEN TO BE virtually obliterated. The general outline of the site is alone visible, but all detail has gone—buried under the terrific pounding from the air. Roads, railway lines and buildings have all vanished

THE FIGHTERS WHO ATTACK THE FLYING BOMBS. Flight Sergeant M. Rose, the pilot who shot down the first pilotless plane in daylight, draws a sketch for the Intelligence Officer and his brother pilots

"SCRAMBLE, WHITE SECTION." The Intelligence Officer receives information over the field telephone that a flying bomb is approaching and gives the order for a "scramble." Fighter pilots and ground crews are working day and night combating the pilotless aircraft from the emplacements in the Pas de Calais. These two pictures come from a Tempest Squadron, equipped with Britain's latest and fastest fighter aircraft, which has been claiming a notable proportion of the enemy's "secret weapon"

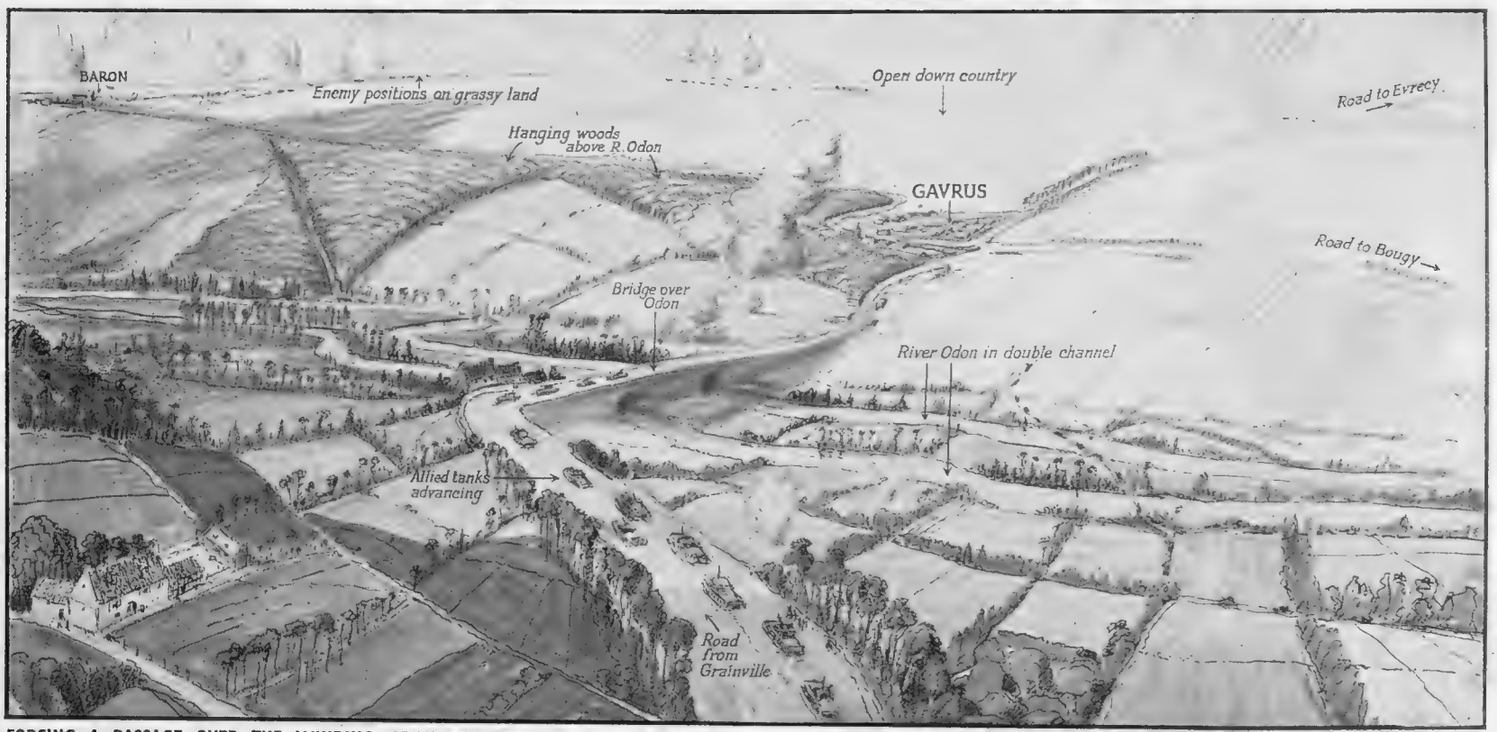


THE NEW THRUSTS HAVE BEEN MADE BY GENERAL MONTGOMERY IN THE RENEWED ASSAULT AROUND CAEN: The joint British and Canadian push across the Odon, towards the down country around Evrecy between the Odon and the Orne—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

The ALLIED OFFENSIVE around CAEN

Two Diagram-Drawings which Show How the British-Canadian Advance was Made Across the Odon River

The Allied attack in Normandy rapidly moved from west to east after the successful conclusion of the American thrust towards Cherbourg. No sooner had the great French port been secured than news came of a forward movement in the Caen sector; the main advance was towards the south-east and south-south-east against stubborn enemy resistance. Behind the Allied lines was the now famous town of Tilly and the Caen-Bayeux main road. In front of the line were a number of roads descending towards the Odon River, which here runs in a north-easterly direction towards Caen. The Allies advanced through Fontenay and Grainville, Cheux, and Mouen, and were able to cut the main highway between Caen and Villers-Bocage. This runs parallel with the tangled, wooded Odon Valley. Forcing their way ahead, our troops were able to cross the River Odon by bridges and fords. A bridgehead was successfully established on the south bank of the Odon, in the direction of Tourville, and a wider one further upstream. Tanks poured over the bridges and one or two fordable spots, and gained the grassy uplands in the triangle of down country which lies between the Odon and the Orne. Here the tanks were able to deploy and engage in movements free of the tree-lined roads which cross this area. No sooner had the two bridgeheads been established than the Germans began a series of counter-attacks



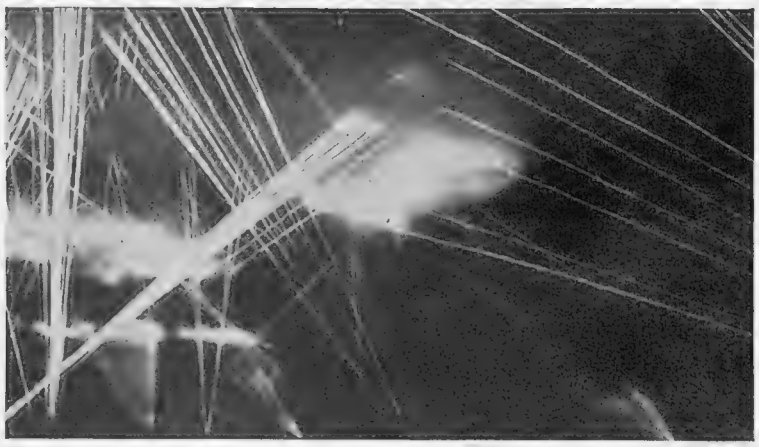
FORCING A PASSAGE OVER THE WINDING ODON RIVER: THE SCENE AT GAVRUS as the Allied armour crossed the bridges over the double channel of the Odon whilst the Germans opened fire from the Hanging Woods on the hills beyond—*Drawing by Percy Home*

Although the way for the advance of the tanks and infantry had been to a large extent cleared by a massive barrage from hundreds of guns, the passages across the river were not accomplished without some difficulty. The enemy had maintained his concealed strong-points with tenacity, and tank clashes were frequent all the way down to the river edge. One strong-point consisting of four 88-mm. guns and half-a-dozen Panther tanks proved a big obstacle. It looked for a time as though they were going to hold up our advance. Rocket-firing Typhoons were called up to give a hand: swooping low over the trees, they fired three rockets right into the enemy positions. Enemy guns and tanks were shot up and our troops pushed on. In the above drawing a column of tanks is shown descending towards the Odon in just such a position as that described above. The road is descending from Grainville towards the river, which flows in two streams, and rising on the opposite side towards the little town of Gavrus. Hanging woods clothe the shelving slopes. From Gavrus a road leads across grass country to Evrecy, another to the right to Bougy, and a third to the left passes through Baron on its way to Caen

THE NAVY OFF THE BEACHES

Shelling the Germans Around Cherbourg and Clearing Away the Invasion Wreckage

—Special Sphere Drawings



A CURTAIN OF FIRE IS PUT UP BY BRITISH WARSHIPS during a night bombing attack off the Normandy coast. When enemy night raiders came over and tried to bomb the Allied armada in the anchorage at Ouistreham, British warships put up a terrific barrage. These two pictures were taken from the cruiser *Mauritius*: they show tracer fire from the Navy streaking up into the darkness and creating an almost impenetrable screen

CLEANING UP THE INVASION BEACHES IN NORMANDY. A DAMAGED LANDING CRAFT IS BEING TOWED OFF at the height of the tide by two tugs, which have ventured in as far as is possible and in the teeth of a gale. In the foreground are the remains of the German beach obstacles—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Tides of more than 20 ft. have not made the work of clearance any easier, but the tugs have been doing fine work in removing the wrecks which littered the beaches after the first waves of invasion ships had gone ashore on the Normandy coast. The obstacles laid by the Germans as their first line of defence exacted a certain toll; the heavy seas added to it. But now all is under control, despite the heavy seas, the tugs and special parties are cleaning up quickly. In addition, lying off the beaches are a number of specialised craft, many of which are floating workshops and survey vessels. In these ships thousands of officers and men are doing unspectacular but all-important duties

AMERICAN AND BRITISH WARSHIPS BOMBARD THE FORTS AT CHERBOURG BEFORE THE GERMAN SURRENDER. MOVING AT SPEED, THE VESSELS PASS CLOSE TO EACH OTHER IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS DURING THE SHOOT. In this drawing, the American cruiser "Tuscaloosa," of 9,950 tons, is seen on the left; next comes the battleship "Nevada," of 29,000 tons (reconstructed after Pearl Harbour); the British cruiser "Glasgow," of 9,100 tons; and the British cruiser "Enterprise," of 7,580 tons—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

Whilst the Germans were holding out desperately in the fortresses around Cherbourg, the Allied warships took a hand in the battle by bombarding the enemy's shore positions. The naval bombardment squadron was under the command of the American, Rear-Admiral Deyo, flying his flag in the cruiser *Tuscaloosa*: the other ships which took part included the American battleship *Nevada* and the British cruisers *Glasgow* and *Enterprise*—all of which are shown in the above drawing. A supporting force was provided by the American "heavies," the *Arkansas* and *Texas*. As Admiral Deyo's squadron swept in close to the shore, *Glasgow* led *Enterprise* down the swept channel, with *Tuscaloosa* and another American cruiser, *Quincy*, away on the starboard bow. The cruisers struck first, their 8-in. and 6-in guns belching flame as the first shells hurtled towards the enemy gun emplacements Then the even bigger guns of the *Nevada* opened up. (This battleship, incidentally, was very badly damaged by the Japs at Pearl Harbour). A heavy fire came back from the shore, and big shell-bursts sent giant fountains of water rearing among the British and American ships. At one moment, during the shoot, as depicted in our drawing, the Allied vessels were moving at speed and passing close to each other in opposite directions—but their shells were all going the same way!

WRECKED LANDING CRAFT AND VEHICLES STREW A FRENCH BEACH at a point where the landing was heavily contested. In the background, supply ships are moving in and out with their reinforcements of men and material

WRECKAGE STREWN ALONG THE WATER'S EDGE mutely testifies to the savage fight which took place before a beachhead was established. Soon all this tangled mass of ships and vehicles will be cleared away

SCENES from the NORMANDY BATTLE AREA

Drawings by *Sphere* Artists of the Liberation of the French Populace, and of the Struggles in the Historic Chateaux Country

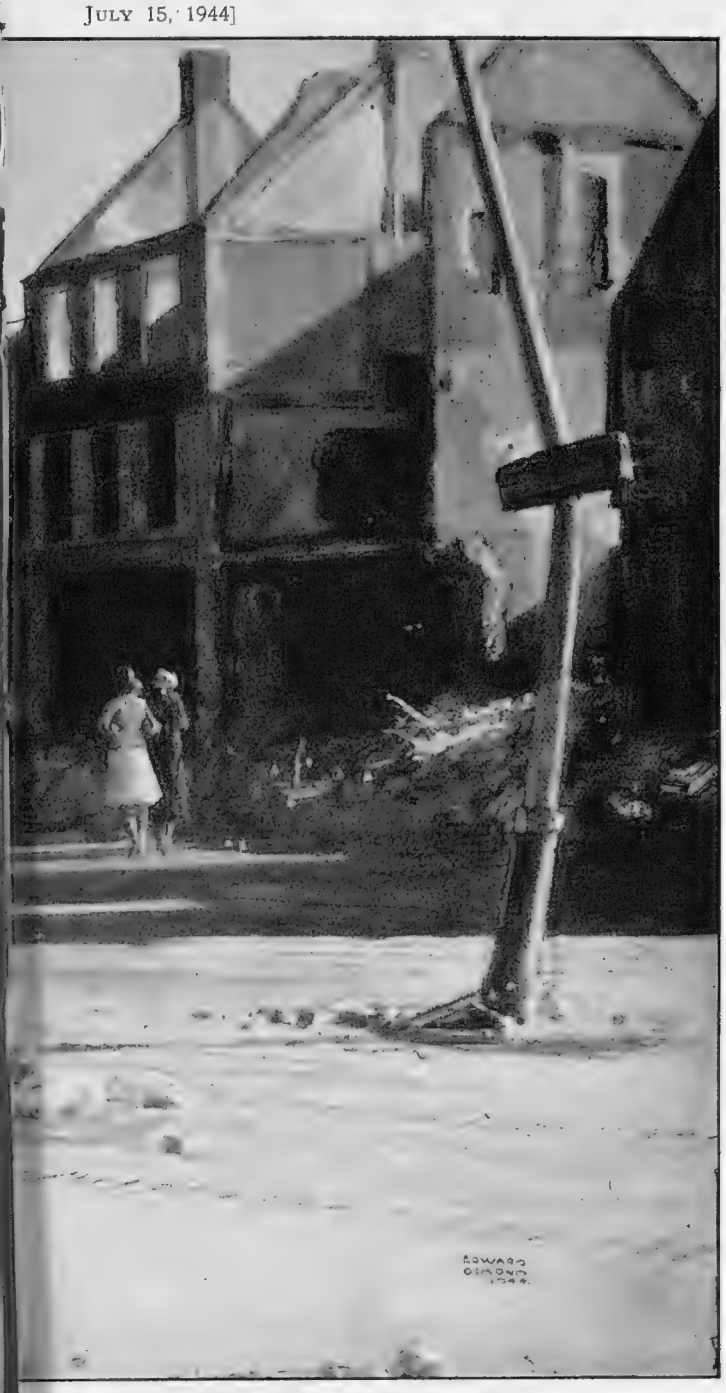
AFTER THE TIDE OF BATTLE HAS TURNED: A SCENE IN ISIGNY, ONE OF THE SHATTERED TOWNS OF THE NORMANDY WAR. The local curé talks with some of the inhabitants who persisted in staying on even during the bombardments—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

It was a general surprise to the soldiers of the Allied Armies, and to many of the war correspondents, that the welcome accorded them by the people of Normandy was so different from that met with in Sicily and in Italy. They did not realise that the Norman peasant is as undemonstrative as a Yorkshireman, that he is pleasant enough once he has time to know you, but he does not rush into conversation. He is a hard-working man, toiling from dawn on his fields, which are worked only by the family, and he is little interested in outside affairs, beyond the price of corn, butter and cattle.

Our artist has here depicted a scene in a small town through which the army has passed. The village curé is always to be seen, visiting among the cottages, taking a keen interest in all his flock. These priests are not always learned men, many of them springing from the peasant class, but they are usually highly respected for their goodness, sympathy and general understanding. They have now to encourage and help the poor folk, whose villages, which only a few weeks ago were smiling, neat and prosperous, are now a sad heap of ruins

***On left.*—FIGHTING IN AND AROUND THE ANCIENT CHATEAUX. The whole of Normandy is dotted with buildings like this—some fortress-like, others more domestic in character**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Correspondents have been giving details of numerous fights which have taken place within the buildings and in the parks of the chateaux which are to be found in almost every part of the Caen area. The skirmishes have often been brief and sharp, the German occupants having been thrown out of the stately quarters which they have been occupying for some time. These big and sometimes rambling buildings differ in form very considerably: some are much more castle-like than others; the older types show the circular capped donjon towers characteristic of French castle architecture. All of them, with their moats, high garden walls and outbuildings, present the setting for spirited fighting. In some cases the Germans have counter-attacked more than once before being finally driven off. Some notable chateaux are within the battle perimeter of Caen, notably Creiully, Lantheuil and Fontaine-Henry



AFTER THE FALL OF CHERBOURG. Residents of the great port were not long in erecting signs which proclaimed their joy at being liberated by the Allies. In one of the main streets they hung up this banner reading: "Vivent les Liberateurs: Bienvenue aux Allies"—"Long live the Liberators: Welcome to our Allies"

***Below*—A SCENE DURING THE BRITISH-CANADIAN ASSAULT TOWARDS THE ODON VALLEY. The C.O.'s temporary headquarters at the side of a farm road: a despatch-rider and infantry arrive, a body of tanks are laagered at the right**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Heavy rain descended as the Canadian and British forces pushed their way along a network of roads, some winding and twisting and little more than farm tracks, but all leading towards the desired valley of the Odon River and the high grassland beyond. Tanks and infantry steadily pressed on, in spite of sticky roads and hidden German tanks and snipers. The tanks themselves, hidden behind walls and in coppices, often took on the quality of snipers. They lay in ambush in order to impede our progress as much as possible. But all these obstacles were overcome, and the combined tanks and infantry fought their way down to the bridges and fords over the Odon. There stiff fighting took place before the bridgeheads on the opposite side were secured. In the drawing below, a Commanding Officer is seen at his temporary headquarters by the side of a by-road leading to the valley. A motor-cyclist runner has just arrived with a message; tanks are laagering at the side of the road. Soon the column will again be on the move

BRINGING BACK THE WOUNDED

From the Normandy Battle Areas, by Air and by Sea

The pictures reproduced on these pages show the progression of the wounded British soldier from battle-line to Britain. By sea and by air, the wounded are evacuated at great speed—so that, in some cases, only a very few hours elapse before the arrival of a wounded man at a base in this country where the most expert treatment can, of course, be carried out. British and American soldiers are treated alike, irrespective of nationality, although both armies run their separate Medical Services. By sea, the men are brought across in Tank Landing Ships, special craft painted with the usual hospital-ship markings; by air, casualties are transported in big Dakota troop-carriers specially adapted for the work. In Normandy tented hospitals are used for battle casualties, as well as more permanent buildings and chateaux

IN THE VILLAGE OF CHEUX. Two wounded British soldiers lying on stretchers on top of a jeep on their way from battle-line to hospital after the severe fighting around the Odon River

AN ADVANCED DRESSING STATION IN AN ANCIENT NORMANDY ABBEY. L'Abbaye Mondaye was built in the thirteenth century and renovated in 1738. Until its liberation it was used by the Germans as one of their headquarters. Typhoons were able to strafe the only room which the Germans occupied; but the rest of the Abbey is unscathed. Now it is being used as an Advanced Dressing Station by the 50th Division, and although less than two miles from the front line, it seems to be respected by the Germans as being for medical purposes only and has drawn no fire so far. This picture shows one of the wards filled with wounded men

A CASUALTY IS BROUGHT BACK to a Bren-gun carrier which is being used to evacuate the wounded. It bears a Red Cross flag

EVACUATING THE CASUALTIES FROM THE INVASION BEACHES BY SEA. Ambulances bring the wounded right up to the seashore, where Tank Landing Craft are drawn up to transport them to England. In the foreground in the above drawing are the stretcher-cases waiting to go on board: on the right a hospital orderly is labelling a "walking wounded." When the landing craft reaches England, it is at once loaded with medical supplies, so that casualties being evacuated on the next trip may be cared for during the crossing—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

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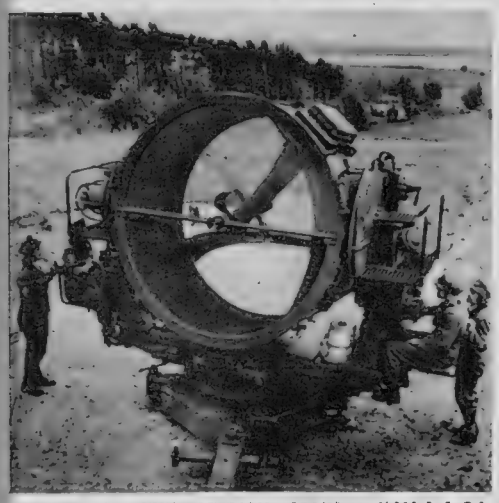
NEW PICTURES from within HITLER'S "FORTRESS"

THE DISCREDITED DUCE inspects the "newly established Italian Divisions after his conferences with the Führer": According to a communique issued after the talks between Hitler and Mussolini recently, the Duce inspected the Italian Divisions which were trained under German supervision "and equipped with the best arms to join the fight against the Allies side by side with the Germans." But that was before the Fall of Rome and General Alexander's rapid advance up the Italian mainland! This faintly ludicrous picture shows the tiny Duce in his true physical proportions

A GERMAN MESS IN NORMANDY. The dining-room at an officers' mess in Cherbourg, as the Americans found it immediately after the capture of the town. Prominently displayed are two big Swastika flags and a very "artistic" portrait of the Nazi Leader immediately above the President's chair



WOMEN IN THE GERMAN ARMY: "W.A.A.C.'s training at two-metre searchlights" for anti-aircraft work

A W.A.A.C. IN GERMANY gardening under the supervision of her Commander—presumably near the site at which she works

GERMAN SERVICE WOMEN in the evening after a day's work: A W.A.A.C. unit is now serving in the German Anti-Aircraft Home Force. These women are mostly active at radio, locating and Commando machines, and searchlight batteries and balloon barrages." These three pictures are the first to be shown of the women "in action." The term W.A.A.C. has been applied by the Germans themselves in these (obviously propaganda) pictures

HOW THE GERMAN PUBLIC ARE TOLD OF THE COMING OF ALLIED RAIDERS: "W.A.A.C.'s at their projection machines in the headquarters of the Air Defence Authorities": When Allied planes are reported to be over Germany, the civilians "are now informed about the situation regularly by the German Air Force Defence Authorities. Spotting the enemy planes calls for a wide organisation which is mostly made up of W.A.A.C.'s under command of members of the German Air Force. Magnetic masts are distributed all over Germany to register the approach of enemy planes. They transmit rays to the commanding stand, where the rays are transformed into light. The light is projected on to a huge map, thus disclosing the exact position of the enemy planes. Each projector is closely watched by a member of the W.A.A.C., who reports any change in her specific observation field to the commanding stand. These reports enable the officer in command to ascertain the exact air situation."—*From the German report accompanying these three pictures*

THE RADIO SPEAKER is giving the first report after the alert has been sounded. The big lighted map is supposed to show the exact position of the enemy planes

DEEP UNDERGROUND IN THEIR SHELTERS, the civilians listen to the report given by the radio on the air situation. Shelter discipline in Germany is very strict

EQUIPMENT and METHODS in the BATTLE AREAS

On right—During the rapid advance of our troops in Italy, the Germans have been forced to abandon or blow up many of the vehicles and guns which they found it impracticable to take with them along the crowded roads leading to the north. With the fall of Soriano, for instance, this huge self-propelled gun was captured intact. It is a "Ferdinand," weighing 70 tons and mounting a long-barrelled 88-mm. gun. Like the "Tiger" and the "Panther," the name of the "Ferdinand" is constantly in front of the enemy public

CAPTURED BY THE EIGHTH ARMY IN ITALY: The 70-ton "Ferdinand" self-propelled gun, showing the top of the vehicle and the manner in which the crew enter by hatchways. The gun itself is an 88 mm.

CONSOLIDATING THE NORMANDY FRONT with specialised machinery taken to France for that purpose. While the British and Canadian forces around Caen are fighting their battles against Rommel's main armoured divisions, Allied units in the rear are working all out to improve roads, construct airstrips and perform other vital military work: at the same time they are catering for the needs of the local inhabitants wherever possible. In this picture Sappers are at work crushing road metal in a quarry in Normandy, while a tank keeps watch on the bank beyond

WRECKAGE IN AN ITALIAN HARBOUR: a scene at Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome, soon after the entrance of the Allies

A SMALL, THIRTY-YEAR-OLD HARBOUR TUG—THE "CHERBOURGEOIS III"—which dashed out into the Atlantic recently to tow in a rudderless 10,000-ton merchant ship laden with grain. In a heavy swell, and after two days' steaming at five knots, she brought the merchantman safely into harbour

AFTER THE ROYAL NAVY HAD GOT THE PORT OF ROME INTO WORKING ORDER AGAIN

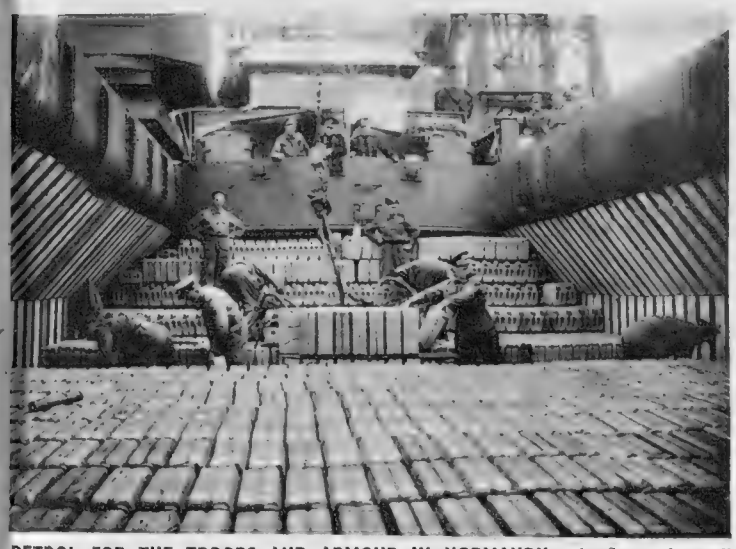
A great job was carried out by the men of the Royal Navy Reconstruction Party, who entered Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome 40 miles to the north of the capital, on the heels of the retreating Germans. In spite of extensive damage done by the enemy before they withdrew, and 96 hours after their arrival at what was described as "the worst wrecked port in the Mediterranean," the officers of this Port Clearance Party were guiding in a fleet of Allied landing craft past forty-eight wrecks in the harbour

On left—The *Cherbourgeois III* was built for the French Government thirty years ago by a South Shields shipyard. She escaped from France at the outbreak of war, and has been doing harbour work ever since. Two years ago she steamed 400 miles into the Atlantic to the rescue of a corvette, which she brought safely into Milford Haven: now she has just rescued a rudderless merchant ship of 10,000 tons. After the *Cherbourgeois III* took over, she steamed at five knots for two days through a heavy swell, regardless of possible U-boat attack, and brought in the ship and her valuable cargo

STILL ANOTHER TASK WHICH THE BULLDOZER IS PERFORMING ON THE EUROPEAN BATTLEFIELDS: Pushing up piles of debris near a forward position to obscure the enemy's line of fire and to provide shelter for the attacking Allied infantry—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

The work of American-built bulldozers in the battle areas from Normandy to the Pacific Islands is now generally known: these huge machines have made roads, levelled out approaches to bridges, dug trenches, built airfields, and assisted in a score of other ways. Without them in Italy our progress would indeed have been slow. Now, in Normandy, they are performing similar tasks—on the beaches, as in the forward fighting areas. The drawing above, however, illustrates a new and very valuable function discharged during the course of actual battle. A party of Engineers, ignoring the very real danger in which they worked, drove a bulldozer across the front of an enemy emplacement, and threw up earth to cover the firing slits and blind the Germans behind them while our troops worked round the position, to complete its eventual capture

A GERMAN INFANTRY LANDING CRAFT, with its bow jammed on the rocks in Civita Vecchia Harbour: This imposing-looking craft was bombed by the Allies during the advance on Rome. It shows considerable points of difference from its British and American counterparts. It is of considerable width, and obviously designed to run high up on to a shelving beach



PETROL FOR THE TROOPS AND ARMOUR IN NORMANDY: A fleet of small ships is enabling our troops in France to keep on the move. Petrol is taken across the Channel in "jerricans," each of 4 gallons capacity: these are stowed in the holds of small coasting vessels, as shown above

THE AMERICAN ARMY'S NEWEST ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN. The upper picture shows a close-up of the new A.-A. gun of 4·7 calibre, now in production at one of the body-building plants of General Motors in the U.S. The gun has been developed by the Army: it was shown for the first time at a "Weapons of War" Exhibition in Washington a few weeks ago. The 4·7 is a dual-purpose gun: it can fire 11 miles into the air, or it can be used at a depressed angle against ground targets: it is mobile and can be transported on its bogies at a fast rate, although it weighs more than 60,000 lbs. An automatic loader and rammer permits of a high rate of fire: part of the loading unit is an automatic fuse-setter. The lower picture shows some of the new guns in the final assembly area

THE WORLD'S MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE

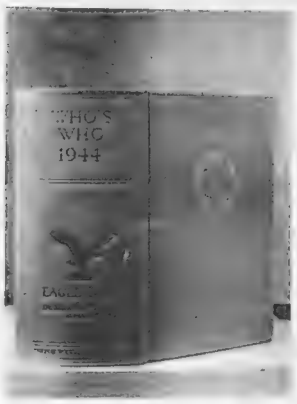
Some Interesting Details Concerning the World's Foremost Reference Book of Biography.

By CHARLES GRAVES

THOUSANDS of forms are going out every week now from the anonymous Editorial Board of *Who's Who* to celebrities and "near" celebrities all over the world to bring the 1945 edition up to date.

Many people believe that you have to pay money to get into *Who's Who*. This is not the case at all, although numbers of business men, nonentities, and others (particularly parsons and Dons) write and offer to supply all kinds of information about themselves.

To-day, there are about 32,000 names included in *Who's Who*; 4,000 fewer than eighteen months ago. Strict paper rationing has resulted in a compulsory reduction in size. Which, in turn, has meant the weeding-out of over 4,000 names. This has never been done before, and until last year the only names removed were those of people who had died in the course of the previous twelve months; this average being 1,000 per annum. Much delicacy was necessary to select the names of those people references to whom could most easily be omitted. The choice was not actually as difficult as all that, because until comparatively recent years the editors of *Who's Who* had included the names of all people awarded the Companionship of any British Order. This included the D.S.O., and as everyone will recall, thousands of D.S.O.s were given in the last war. The recipients were, of course, all excellent fellows, but many of them who were only temporary soldiers reverted in private life to their peace-time jobs. Thereafter,



The current edition of "Who's Who" is a ponderous volume which contains over 3,000 closely-printed pages. It describes itself as "An Annual Biographical Dictionary," and it has now been appearing for ninety-six years

they provided no other claim for continued inclusion in *Who's Who*, and it is from their ranks that the majority of omissions have been selected, providing always that they did not reach the rank of Brigadier-General, Air Commodore or Rear-Admiral. These equivalent ranks are to-day the basis on which Transport Command rates its passengers as "VIPS" (Very Important Personages) or otherwise.

Much tact and good judgment are necessary to grade representatives of other classes of the community. At what stage is an actor worthy of being invited to supply particulars of himself for *Who's Who*? At what stage of success should the Editorial Board consider authors, composers and painters? In the case of painters, the Royal Academy provides an obvious yard-stick, just as "taking silk" or becoming a judge automatically qualifies a barrister, but the editors of *Who's Who* do not overlook the unorthodox but brilliant artist any more than they would overlook a distinguished Junior at the Bar.

I gather that if the winner of the Hawthornden Prize or the James Tait Black Prize is not already sufficiently well known to be in *Who's Who*, the award of either of these prizes acts as the "open sesame."

The film industry presents a problem, and the Board seems to favour executives and directors rather than actors and actresses, who might soon disappear from the public eye.

In all cases of this sort—authors, composers, painters, actors and actresses—a short list is kept of "probable runners," who ultimately, if they are lucky, find themselves in *Who's Who*.

Shortage of paper has made a certain amount of sub-editing of autobiographical details necessary, quite apart from the normal editing, to see that the details conform to the layout; for everyone who appears in *Who's Who* writes and revises annually his own "piece" about himself—with the wartime exceptions of Hitler, Göring, and other characters so notorious that *Who's Who* felt compelled to continue their inclusion and keep their original entries up to date because of their general interest to the British public. This inclusion, incidentally, is proof positive that *Who's Who* does not claim to be the most exclusive, aristocratic, conservative book of reference in the whole world. It merely sets out to provide reliable information about men and women of interest to the public.

It is possible that in the case of Hitler there is an error in the 1944 edition of *Who's Who*; his telephone number is given as Berlin 11/0191, and it is sincerely hoped this number is no longer working!

Von Ribbentrop took the greatest interest in the inclusion of his name just before the war. If you look at his entry you will see that he took personal credit for the "affiliation" of Austria and the Sudetenland, the formation of the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia and the return of Memel Land. Quite a euphemist, what?

The German Press, by the way, was furious last year when they discovered that more space was given to Stalin than to Hitler. In this connection it is interesting that imitations of *Who's Who* were started before the war in France, Germany, Japan, and many other countries, and that file copies of these in the possession of the Editorial Board of the English *Who's Who* must be of great interest to the Minister of Economic Warfare.

One effect of the war situation has been that several people have altered their entries under the heading of "Recreation." "Foreign travel," "gambling," "ski-ing," for example, are evidently out of date; or at least temporarily in abeyance. If you go through *Who's Who* you will, however, still find a number of interesting entries under "Recreation," beginning with that of Professor Richard Aaron, who says that his sole recreation is being first in *Who's Who*! Other people who in peacetime belonged to pacifist organisations have hastily suppressed any reference to these now-unpopular activities; in the same way I see that one or two Bright Young Authors now carefully suppress their ages for obvious reasons.

Among the necessary automatic additions this year will be found the names of several leading American Generals and Admirals whose names have become known to the British public, as well as of leading members of the three British Fighting Services and others who have come to the top during the troublesome war period. Besides them there is a similar increase in the already large numbers of Dominions and Colonial personalities.

In spite, however, of every effort made by the editors of *Who's Who* to keep down the number of names, each edition, when paper supplies are back to normal, is bound to be slightly larger than the previous one. The reason for this is clear: much more emphasis is now laid on personalities by the newspapers and, in consequence, public interest in individuals is much greater than before. This individuality, by the way, makes *Who's Who* more entertaining than it might otherwise be. Within reason, the editors do not appear to prune the pomposity of certain celebrities or "near" celebrities; in a way, they probably rather welcome it for the very fact that the autobiographical details supplied personally—and altered or expanded each year by the person concerned—mean that it is easier to understand his character from the way he describes himself.

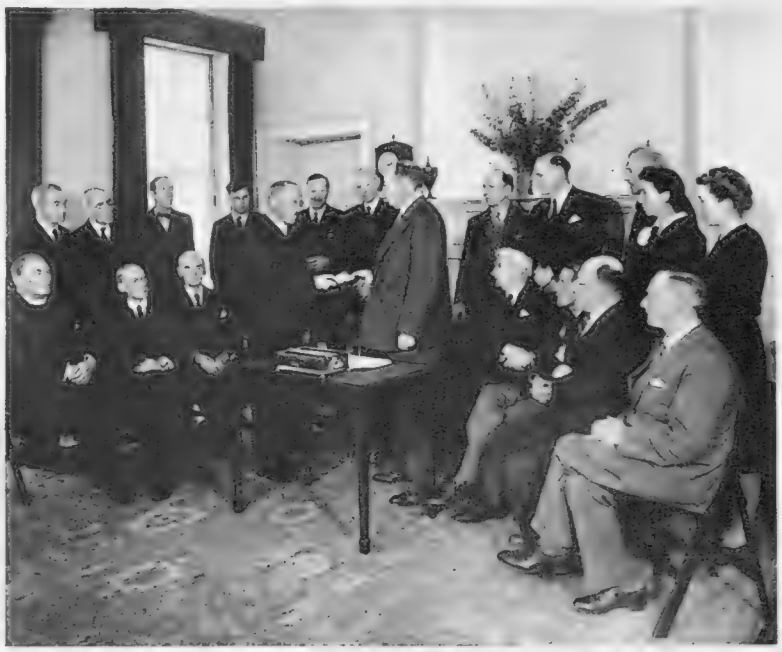
Everyone in *Who's Who* receives proof of his or her current entry every year. Some of these proofs have to go a very long way—for example, to obscure British Residents with the C.M.G. in the South Sea Isles—but it often happens that they are completed in Kensington, after having made the double journey, by the person in question who has retired in the meantime.

Every year the editors must try to forestall the New Year's Honours List by applying for details from men and women whom they think are doing a sufficiently distinguished job to justify their inclusion in *Who's Who*. On January 1 no doubt they look at the Honours List and see to what extent they seem to have shown intelligent anticipation. Needless to say, all peers and their heirs are to be found in *Who's Who* because of their official status as law-givers, or of potential law-givers. All M.P.s are automatic entries. The heads of the leading Trades Unions also find themselves invited to provide details. The award of the George Cross also means that the editors of *Who's Who* write to the recipient for details about himself; a similar rule-of-thumb is adopted with the Companionship of higher orders like the C.B. and C.M.G.

In 1949 *Who's Who* will celebrate its centenary, though it was not until 1897 that it took its present form. For the first forty-eight years of its existence it was the size of a prayer-book and merely gave lists of names. Shortly after it was acquired by the present proprietors it included the motor-car numbers of those who possessed motor-cars in the early days. Later, of course, motor-cars became too popular for there to be any rarity value in this item.

In conclusion, it is extremely rare for anyone who has been invited to provide details of himself to refuse to do so, though it has happened on two or three occasions that very famous men have asked to have their entries removed to prevent their addresses being available to strangers, thus leading the way to unnecessary correspondence.

Several people, of course, for various reasons best known to themselves, leave out their addresses, but otherwise—always with the exception of those who have to be axed because of paper restriction—only death or real dishonour is considered adequate reason for removing any given entry.



THE GOLD MEDAL OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS PRESENTED TO SIR HENRY TIZARD for his scientific services to Aeronautics. At a recent meeting of the Councillors of the R.S.A., the Albert Gold Medal was presented to Sir Henry Tizard, K.C.B., F.R.S. The citation reads as follows: "For his achievements in applying scientific principles to aeronautics and his services to advanced technical education." The President of the Society, Dr. E. F. Armstrong, F.R.S. (in centre), is seen in the act of making the presentation. Sir Henry Tizard—needless to say—is included in "Who's Who," on page 2750

THE PREMIER'S SON RETURNS TO LONDON from his mission to Marshal Tito. Major Randolph Churchill's biography appears on page 514 of the 1944 "Who's Who." He was born on May 28, 1911, and gives his last appointment as a "General Staff Officer on General Staff (Intelligence) at G.H.Q., Middle East, 1941." He is now back in London to report on his mission to Yugoslavia

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

The Esher Place Girls' Home branch is much in need of semi-permanent toys, such as rocking-horses, dolls' houses, etc., and would much appreciate such gifts from readers who have no further use for theirs. If transport could be arranged direct to Esher Place the Society would gladly pay carriage. Head Office: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

THE NEW ATTACK ON GERMANY'S OIL

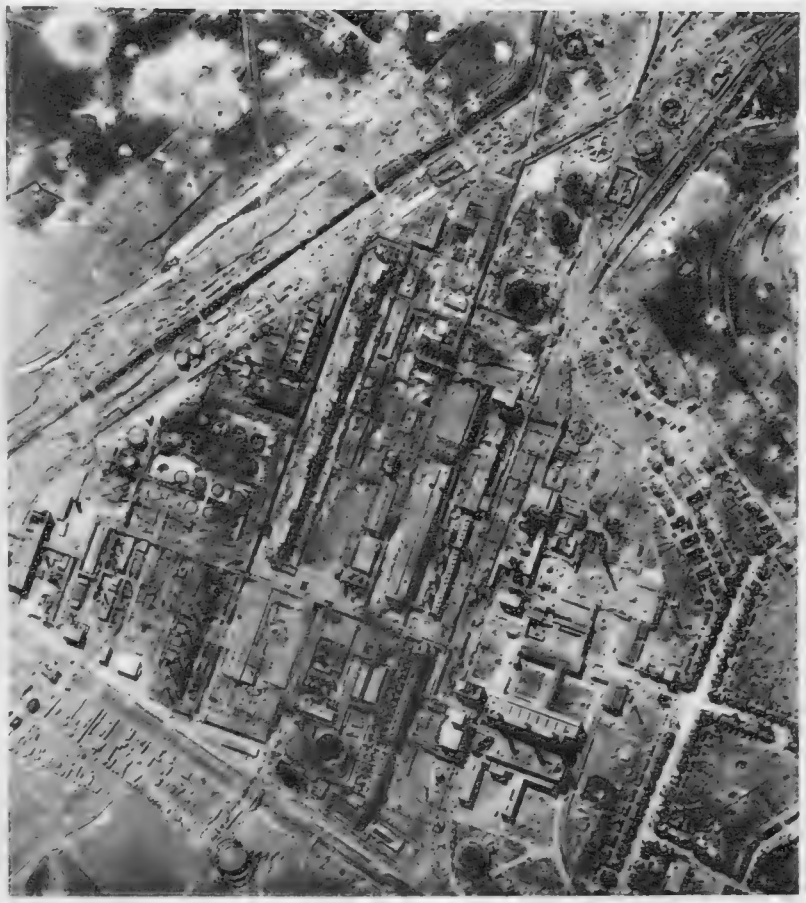
One of Hitler's Major Anxieties is Oil: Hence the New Blitz on His Dwindling Sources of Supply

ON JUNE 20 bombers of the Eighth Air Force attacked the oil refineries at Hamburg. Eight plants were left burning as a result, and here the Rhenania Ossag Refinery is seen spouting black smoke thousands of feet into the air as a result of the assault

ANOTHER REFINERY AT HAMBURG GOES UP IN SMOKE at the same time as the one in the upper picture. This is the Ebano Works. On June 20 the Eighth Air Force made the heaviest of its numerous assaults on the German synthetic oil industry

A LIBERATOR BANKS AWAY AFTER UNLOADING ITS BOMBS on June 20 on the vital oil refineries at Politz—part of the Allied campaign for demolishing the Nazis' most important war production

When Britain and America concentrated their bombing attacks on German aircraft production, a great crisis was precipitated in the enemy's industry. Now it has been decided that an offensive against his supplies of oil might prove equally profitable—hence, for the past six or seven weeks, great fleets of bombers have been attacking German oil targets almost every day. The sources of supply, refineries, and storage tanks—all have been attacked with good results. All but one of the pictures given here were taken on the same day—June 20: the blow to the oil industry must have been considerable. Since the summer of last year it is believed that Germany's oil production has slumped by one-half—or even by two-thirds. And at a moment when the needs of mechanised warfare on three fronts are making greater demands than ever on the German reserves



ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 12, R.A.F. Bomber Command attacked the synthetic oil plant at Gelsenkirchen, in Germany. Oil tanks and many adjoining installations were wrecked or damaged: considerable dislocation was also caused to railway lines, wagons and sidings within the plant. This picture was taken shortly after the attack

OIL REFINERIES BURNING AT HAMBURG. This reconnaissance picture was taken half-an-hour after the attack upon the eight oil refineries in the city, when all were left burning and sending up great banks of smoke. Those hit were the Europaische Tahnlager, Olwerke Schindler, Rhenania Ossag, two Ernst Schliemann plants, Deutsche Petroleu, Harburg and the Ebano Werke

NEW LAMPS and OLD

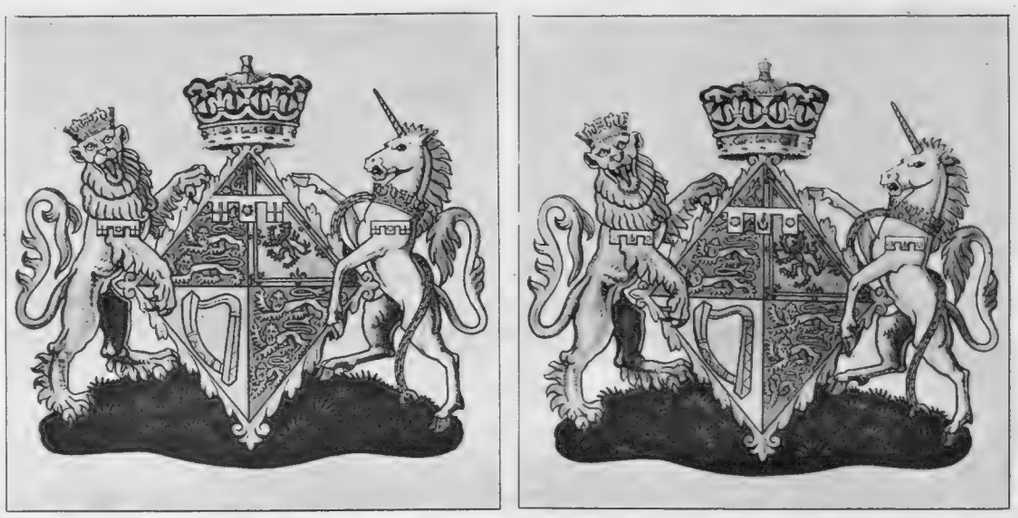
A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

AN INQUEST UPON PROPAGANDA.—Stupendous energy, invention and resource, have been expended during five years on new weapons of war, to counter and defeat those weapons put out by the enemy. The success of these weapons and inventions has differed in degree, but public gratitude and praise for those who created them are unqualified and unanimous. Among them all, one weapon only (of which the public has had any sort of opportunity to judge of the efficacy and results) remains excluded from that general approval.

To *propaganda*, as a weapon of war, millions of public money and some of the best brains of the country have been devoted for years. And propaganda remains to-day anathema to some and a doubtful benefit to others. A note of interrogation throws a shadow over it. The public is yet in no position to judge if the money and energy were well spent. The word "propaganda" is not a popular word; it is suspect to all free peoples. It connotes boredom and crudity to all educated men and women. The best of it, the purest variety, is not wholly free from hypocrisy and half-truth. The word still signifies camouflage, a smoke-screen, an expedient, and a compromise with simple honesty. Ours, I believe, is among the most decent and honourable of the combatants'. It has been divided and sub-divided, compartmented and elaborated, to influence every aspect of opinion in enemy countries, neutral countries, Allied countries, and the home front.

It addresses itself in special forms to scores of different races, classes and groups. It is deliberately used to influence opinion upon a hundred vital war questions, among a hundred types, groups, classes and schools of thought. And still, in the fifth year of war, the man in the street has no complete proofs that all the expenditure and energy employed in any one branch has been justified by results. There are some reasonable proofs that it has partially succeeded in certain domestic matters (saving, salvage, food policy); some substance of proof that it has helped at times to keep the nation watchful, resolute, even unanimous. But there is little enough evidence available by which the public can judge that any corresponding success has justified the enormous efforts and expenditure employed on the persuasion of opinion in enemy countries, neutral countries or Allied countries. It is certainly remarkable how little success has met the efforts of the three big Allies to persuade beaten and invested German units to surrender in the field.



THE NEW COATS OF ARMS FOR THE PRINCESSES APPROVED BY THE KING: These designs were prepared by the Royal College of Arms: each consists of the Royal Arms, with a label of heraldic devices indicating the position of the Princesses as daughters of the Sovereign. The label of Princess Elizabeth (on the left) is of three points, the centre one of which is charged with the Tudor Rose and each of the others with a St. George's Cross. Princess Margaret's label has the centre point charged with the Thistle and each of the others with the Tudor Rose

A Debit Balance?—The proofs may exist. I do not know. I do know that the public has not those proofs before them. It is a vast subject, which could not be covered in a long book. It is certainly not a fit subject for didactic treatment in a short article. I do no more than underline the note of interrogation which casts its shadow over this stupendous effort in Britain alone; and ask the question: Why is it that, alone of the weapons of war invented, perfected and employed for victory, "propaganda" is so little understood, so little appreciated and so widely detested and suspected among ordinary men and women in Britain? Lacking the proofs to the contrary (which may exist), it is not unreasonable for the average man to pronounce the verdict that outside Britain our war propaganda has failed to impress our enemies, has bored often, alienated not seldom, and never convinced neutrals, may have had some success (among notable failures) in improving relations with our Allies, and in its efforts to advertise the glorious achievements of our arms has not seldom vulgarised the Services, whose deeds alone were capable of carving for them an imperishable niche in the temple of our fame.

Lacking proofs, it is not strange that a big proportion of Englishmen should set high among their peace aims the outlawry of propaganda, next perhaps after the outlawry of war and want and State Control. An exhaustive examination into propaganda as a weapon of war would be valuable, instructive and of first-rate interest, and I hope it may be undertaken among the first grand inquests of peace.

The weapon of propaganda is blunted, its name is held in contempt and derision. It is obsolete because it fails of its purpose by more than 50 per cent. everywhere. It fails because it is everywhere suspect. If one side uses lies, the purest propaganda is tarred with the brush of suspicion. And even the purest is in large part but half-truth, only just "within the law." When will the Democracies, who spend most on this old weapon, learn the truth and save the taxpayer? When will the thousands of civil servants and others engaged on this dead war industry be drafted to more essential work? Not until the Greek Kalends, not until the full moon goes blue. Democratic Governments are blindly, incorrigibly in love with words and phrases; and they risk killing the goose that once laid golden eggs in industry under the name of trade advertising. What is sauce for the propaganda is no longer sauce for the proper goose, to put it another way. With any luck, we shall even in Britain detest and distrust propaganda for a decade after the war.

A Side Issue of Propaganda.—Was it perhaps "enemy" propaganda which instilled into European nations the false idea that the weather in Britain was invariably beastly, that winter was all fog and slush, and summer "two fine days and a thunderstorm"? We had no counter-propaganda in those old days. The only effort I can recall was made by Charles II, who put out that in no other country did the weather afford so many days in the year when it was pleasant to be out of doors. His effort was not enough to kill the *idée fixe* that the sun always shone in France, never in England; and that Italian skies were perpetually blue and warm. And what of the truth?

In the last two years thousands of foreigners, Poles, Czechs, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Americans, have discovered that winter in England is mild and pleasant and sunny and dry, and that summer is quite often temperate and sweet. To put it topically and cynically, there is no other country in which total war can be fought so continuously and so effectively and easily as in poor libelled Britain. As for Italy . . . well! There are continuous months in Italy when a man cannot enjoy his favourite sport without interference from the weather. It has taken quite an expensive world-war to nail down this slander on England.

The Character of Our Race.—To be the instruments of God's eternal justice has been given before now in its history to the British race. It shares that honour to-day with other noble races. I do not believe that our race cannot compass the quality which our share in such a responsibility demands. But it is clear enough that the position has devolved upon us somewhat suddenly and that we need time for adjustment. We are by nature a race that grows bored with revenge, that sees only the funny side of "hymns of hate," that would always rather be at peace than at war, that requires to be keyed up to nationalism and patriotic fervour, prefers tolerance and perhaps lethargy to racial pride, and detests above all things turning the sword in inflicted wounds, trampling on beaten enemies, and pursuing any tendency which implies wearing uniform a day longer than is necessary, or enduring regimentation for an hour beyond what is essential.

We are too damned ready to let bygones be bygones and drift back to individualism and freedom of thought. Our enemies are by no means beaten; they are still strong and ruthless and capable of unexpected thrusts. The time for doffing uniforms and wriggling out of regimentation is still far away. Yet even to-day we sometimes find ourselves (under conditions requiring the most desperate and meticulous precautions against attack and the most ruthless measures of offence) somewhat embarrassed by some aspects of the mentality of Englishmen who have given their enemy a temporary knock-out and do not want to stamp on his face or dance on his stomach.

It has always surprised me that our Government has set such store by words in oratorical and pamphlet form during this war in the face of so much patent failure and with experience, moreover, of the swift, electric reaction of Britons and of neutrals to deeds, facts, acts, events. If the Stalag III and flying-bomb murders fail to keep us up to the required pitch of resolution, no amount of propaganda will succeed. Facts and acts are "straight news." Propaganda is not. We can at least read and draw conclusions from straight news. And that, I think, is the condemnation of propaganda. The British character is one of the great historical mysteries. But that mystery should be no surprise to our own leaders.

And how does my verdict on propaganda affect the life-blood of the Press—trade advertisement—after the war? Not in the least degree, I should say. The tar on propaganda is political or bureaucratic tar. Restricted trade advertisement during the war has maintained the highest traditions of courage, patience, honesty, restraint, patriotism, dignity and foresight. The reading public honours those efforts and will readily respond to its post-war resumption on a grand scale.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

THE SULKY FIRE (Arts).—That two plays by the distinguished French dramatist, Jean-Jacques Bernard, have just been produced in London within a week is, of course, merely a coincidence and cannot be said to constitute a "boom." It is unfortunate that there is little in either of them to indicate why he *is* distinguished. *The Sulky Fire* is a small play with a tiny cast; perhaps to have spread its thin plot over three acts is something of a feat. A French prisoner of war (the period is 1918) comes home to his village and is at once convinced that his wife has been unfaithful and has fallen in love with an American soldier. She denies it, but he shouts at her throughout those three acts, she argues back, and that is that. Indeed, that is all. She does not leave him. He does not kill her. When the curtain finally falls they are still arguing, with every prospect of arguing in a similar strain for another half-dozen acts if need be. Fortunately, M. Bernard has spared us those.

Madeleine (Lyric, Hammersmith).—This play, on the other hand, is about rather too much, and the complicated emotions of its chief character take a good deal of grasping. Madeleine is an egotistical young creature, suffering, apparently, from all the complexes. Her mother wants her to marry a priggish youth in spectacles, whom she hates; she loves a husky sailor, but marries the prig, not because her mother wants her to, but in order, so she explains, to protect herself from her own temperament. Well, well! The sailor marries her foster-sister, Germaine, but this doesn't suit Madeleine, so she arranges that the sailor should compromise himself with the attractive parlour-maid, whereupon Germaine drowns herself. Madeleine is about to stab herself, but is stopped just in time, unfortunately, by her mother. This is followed by much talk about Madeleine's father, who does not appear in the play. And that is about all. Rarely in any play have I known such torments of emotion, Madeleine and Germaine kneeling down and sobbing at every available moment. Yet all this frenzy struck me as being almost wholly devoid of dramatic value, and most of M. Bernard's alleged subtlety resolving itself into just a muddle.

There was ample compensation, however, in the excellence of the acting. That brilliant youngster, Miss Pamela Brown, made Madeleine interesting (no one could have made her either credible or lovable.) Miss Mary Hinton gave a beautifully dignified performance as her mother.

NEWS-PICTURES from many QUARTERS

HOW THE SUPPLIES ARE FITTED INTO THE NEW-TYPE AMERICAN LIFE-RAFT. These women are packers at a war plant on the U.S. West Coast, and they are fitting supplies into the new rafts used on American merchant ships. This all-metal raft contains a charcoal stove for heating and cooking, enough food and water for a month, a canopy for protection against rain and wind, and waterproof cushions as well as warm blankets. A lantern and flares are kept in watertight compartments; to help the men to pass the time, there is a "morale kit" containing a Bible, song-book, pencils, playing-cards and tobacco. The new raft holds twenty men; it is reversible, and will not sink with the disabled vessel, as it is automatically released

R.A.F. FIGHTER PILOTS PRACTISE DINGHY DRILL IN A SWIMMING-POOL. In the grounds of a country house in Southern England, pilots are now carrying out dinghy drill. The rubber boat, carried by every pilot, is taken out of its pack and inflated: once aboard, the pilot then hoists the sail and tries out his navigational skill. Flying Officer G. A. Argument, of Toronto, is here seen well protected by his special covering as he sets off

A STREET SCENE IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND AT INVASION TIME: The quiet by-street has been invaded by tanks and armoured vehicles, waiting the moment when they will cross to Normandy and the French battlefields. Nevertheless, the children must enjoy their leisure hours: an American helmet has been perched on a canister for wicket and, watched by the soldiers, the game proceeds. Similar scenes are being enacted in many parts of the country at the present moment

THE MEN WHO WILL CLEAR THE ENEMY HARBOURS. As soon as a port is freed from the Germans, they cross the Channel to clear it of wreckage. Divers of the American Engineer Corps are here seen receiving instructions before going down for training in England

THE NEW MATRON-IN-CHIEF. Mrs. L. J. Wilkinson, who has been appointed Matron-in-Chief of the Q.A.I.M.N.S. in succession to Dame Katharine Jones, who is retiring this month. Mrs. Wilkinson was formerly Chief Principal Matron in India: she holds the decorations of the O.B.E. and R.R.C., and was trained at the Sunderland Royal Infirmary

THE GERMAN NURSES CAPTURED IN NORMANDY who were returned to the German lines. Nine German nurses (of whom seven are seen here) were captured in Cherbourg by the Americans. It was decided that they should not be treated as prisoners but that they should be returned to their own lines; in consequence, hostilities were suspended whilst two ambulances took them from the town to their own forces, where they were received by a German major. This picture was taken whilst the women were waiting to leave Cherbourg: the majority of them were quite young girls of very cheerful aspect

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

NEW NOVELS and THRILLERS of the WEEK

A Study of a Politically-minded Heroine; Seventh-Century India; Japan's Islands of Mystery; A Story of the Shipyards; Adventures with the Nazis; Clever Crime

I ALWAYS think it rather a cad's trick to start the notice of any book with the opinion that it is disappointing, even though that usually connotes a sincere admiration for the writer's previous work. So I will markedly avoid any such reference in my comments on **THE SEED WAS KIND** (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.), which however, is *not* the best of all Miss Dorothy Macardle's novels. Even so, it is still a great deal more intelligent and more readable than the run-of-the-mill novel with which we dutifully deal. For one thing, Miss Macardle has attempted something peculiarly difficult here; the study of the conflict in a young girl between political idealism as expressed by her French grandparents, and the frivolous cynicism of her English mother. If the book fails a little, it is certainly not for the banality of its subject, but rather because the author seems to have been distracted half-way through, possibly by the air raids she describes so vividly, and has allowed that old triangle to raise its ugly head again.

Diony is the girl whose French father has died, and who lives with her English mother, a journalist responsible for "society" columns. While still at school, Diony writes an essay on politics which wins a League of Nations prize, and is enabled to go to Geneva and take a course of lectures in an international youth camp. There she meets and falls in love with Karel, a Czech political writer who has dedicated himself to the future. Diony hopes to take a job in the League organisation, but her mother wheedles her into returning to London, and the present war breaks out before she can return to Geneva.

During the raids Diony meets Karel again and a brilliant and conventionally temperamental violinist, Toni, also a refugee from Europe. In a lamentably sentimental passage Diony gives herself to Toni to help him, as she supposes, in his musical career, but when Karel, knowing all, tells her that he still loves her, she agrees at once to share his troubled future with him.

Diony is a valid and moving study, and has enough reality to persuade one that what she did was no more than the result of extreme mental confusion, but it is distressing to find a writer as distinguished as this still toying with what one had thought was a convention of the late Victorian era.

PURE PALACE (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.) is the title Miss Mary Leigh has chosen for her first novel, to which the only rejoinder possible seems to be, "Oh, yeah?" For my dictionary gives, as a definition of the word pure, "morally undefiled, guiltless, sincere," and those are precisely the qualities that are absent in a spectacular degree from either the characters or the setting of this startling book. The period Miss Leigh has chosen is the seventh century, the place India, and the argument the rivalry between the Maharattas and the Moghuls.

Now, I am prepared to concede that the writer knows a great deal about all three subjects, that her atmosphere is authentically reproduced, and that she knows a *naik* from a *havildar*. All the same, this is not an entirely satisfactory novel, and that may be because there is no single character in it who consistently holds the reader's sympathy. A great and powerful film magnate once put this first requirement in story-telling very succinctly to me. "You have got to root for the hero," he said, "otherwise you've got nothing there." And I'm not so sure he wasn't right.

Having therefore got no rooting material, or central figure worthy of our loyalties, we are left with a moderately exciting tale of tribal warfare, peculiar for its recurrent descriptions of brutalities almost too extreme to commit to print. The novel is therefore chiefly a horror story, and as such there is no doubt it fulfils its function very completely. "You want the best creeps—we have them," might almost be Miss Leigh's slogan. But in her next book I would prefer to find a moment, here and there, of something more edifying than the stench and buzz and whistle (they are her words) of violent death and corruption.

A SCENE FROM THE FINANCIAL HEART OF LONDON. The good war news from France, Russia and Italy has caused increased business on the Stock Exchange: apart from business in "The House" itself, brokers have been carrying on in the Kerb Market in Lothbury, where the above picture was taken a few days ago

Mr. Willard Price's book is timely, competent and very revealing, and for these reasons an excellent choice for this week's reading. **JAPAN'S ISLANDS OF MYSTERY** (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is a lucid account of Mr. Price's experiences, before this war, in the Marianas and Carolines, those two groups of islands which the Japanese have used for their strategic value, and which are now constantly in the news as they become the scene of bloody landings and battles.

Mr. Price writes with an open eye and an open mind. That is to say, his mind is as open as could humanly be expected of a man who was ceaselessly spied on by the Japanese, and who, on a shark-fishing expedition, was threatened with "accidental" drowning. His sympathies are with the islanders themselves, for whom he urges humane and enlightened treatment after this war, and with the beauties of the islands which he has recorded so vividly and sensitively.

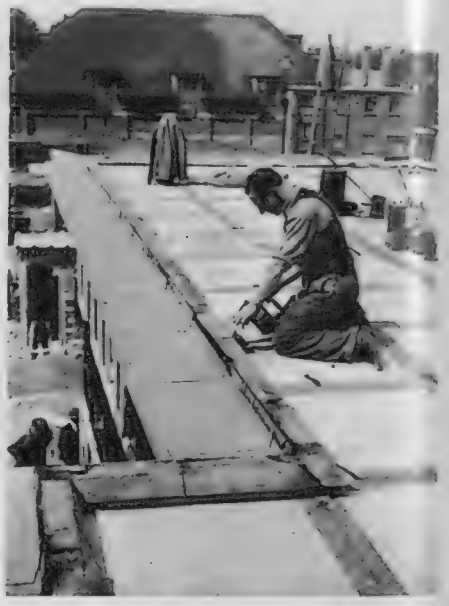
Another new book, this time a novel, is among those that are likely to add to the sum total of our wartime knowledge. **JOB IN THE NORTH** (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.) introduced me to an entirely new world, of ship reconstruction, and the men who are directed to work on it. The job in question is the modernisation of a cruiser, undertaken at a port in the South of England, but completed, because of heavy raids, at a Scottish base. This may not be a first-rate novel—indeed, the novel form fits it only loosely—but it is a first-rate account of a world of specialised labour, of the disputes and conciliations attendant on that labour, and of the bickerings and affections of a great number of widely diverse men and women, all of whom are concentrated on the same expression of the war effort. For this delineation Mr. Gordon Jeffery is to be congratulated. Here again is someone who appears to know his stuff, and to know how to put it economically and forcefully on paper.

Mr. James M. Fox is one of those writers who get their story off to a brisk start and thereafter never slacken the pace. In this way he ensures that the reader, although possibly breathless, is never bored, and that his reading-time is cut down to one long sitting, since all Mr. Fox's novel-thrillers so far have belonged to the couldn't-put-it-down-till-the-last-page class. **CHEESE FROM A MOUSETRAP** (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) is no exception. It may not be great art, but it's still what, in certain moods, I like. Here's an extract:

"Listen," he told her patiently. "Start worrying about something else. You and I are Major and Mrs. Richard F. Burns. We've decided to join the Nazis. There's a guy waiting for me downstairs now to close the deal. He thinks we're on the level. It's all fixed. It'll only be for a few weeks, and it'll be about as dangerous as shooting fish in a rain-barrel, unless you lose your silly little head and blow up the show. . . . You came to England pretending you wanted to do your share. You monkeyed with orders and regulations, and because of that you landed on your fanny plumb smack in the middle of big trouble. Now you can jolly well take the consequences. . . ."

And from that moment the party is on. They get to Berlin in comfort, visit restaurants specially subsidised for impressing foreigners, drink excellent champagne, eat caviar (which I can dimly remember is some kind of Russian delicacy), and generally comport themselves like visiting dignitaries, until trouble starts and Major Burns' fist starts swinging in powerful arcs. Their final escape across the German border, driving an enormous Diesel truck loaded with explosive a hundred times more lethal than nitro-glycerine, is something to excite the most sluggish imagination.

Never a dull moment, even to the glimpse of a rather sulky Führer, watching ammunition tests.



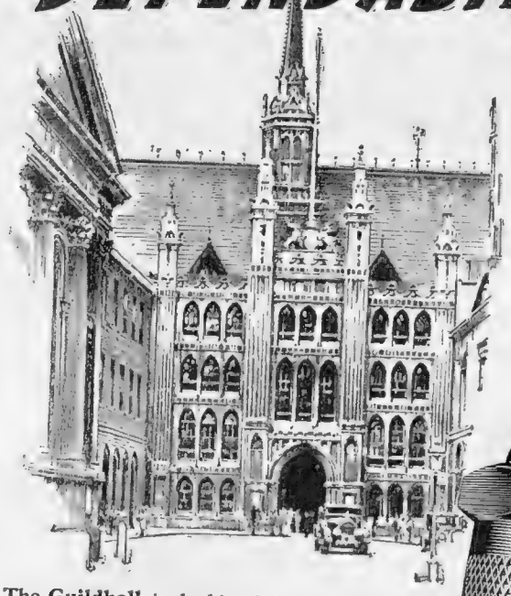
THE FIRST PREFABRICATED HOUSES TO BE ERECTED IN LONDON: *On left*—A general view of two of them in course of construction. *On right*—Sealing the damp-course by the overhanging eaves. In Thirleby Road, at Burnt Oak, London's first prefabricated houses are being built. Two are being constructed at the moment—modern, semi-detached dwellings, with up-to-date plumbing, electric light, bathrooms, refrigeration, coal fires and electric power points. They are to be completed within fifteen days. The builders had already completed the steel framework and steel window-frames when these two pictures were taken

This week's crime ration includes **THE IRON RING** (Ward Lock. 8s. 6d.), which is a lively enough story by Mr. Harry Stephen Keeler, and has an immense amount of action all directed for or against a girl under sentence of death. Busy stuff, in which the reader has to keep his head clear, and his finger firmly on his chosen suspect.

TOWARDS ZERO (Crime Club. 7s. 6d.) is a clearer cut affair altogether, as one has learned to expect from Mrs. Agatha Christie. The setting is a country house by the seaside in a pre-war September, and the protagonists could be loosely described as a set of country-house characters; the handsome tennis-playing sportsman, his two pretty wives, blonde and distant and dark and lively, a monosyllabic chap on leave from Malaya, and the classic old *grande dame*, conducting the household's affairs ruthlessly from her upstairs room.

The murderer is not easily to be discovered, and the working out of the plot is as neat and polished a piece of craftsmanship as ever.

DEPENDABILITY



The Guildhall is the historic building where the Freedom of the City is conferred and where the election of the Lord Mayor takes place. It is, however, usually remembered by people as the place where the Lord Mayor's Banquet is held. The Guildhall, begun about 1411 and partly destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, was badly 'blitzed' in 1940. Despite this, it remains a monument to the great stability of the City of London and calls to mind what millions throughout the world say of Champion Plugs, "*There's* Dependability for you!"

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Extract from Daily Express, June 12

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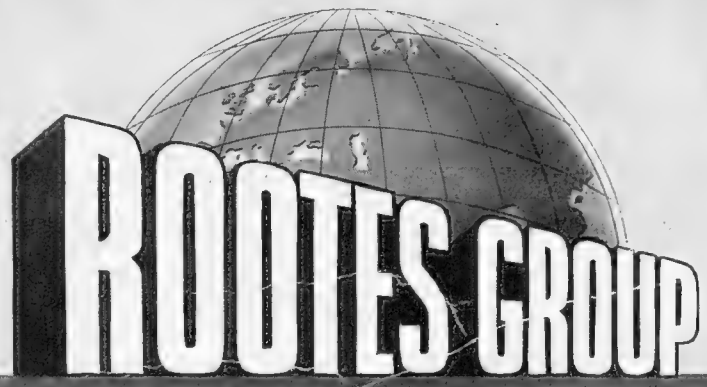

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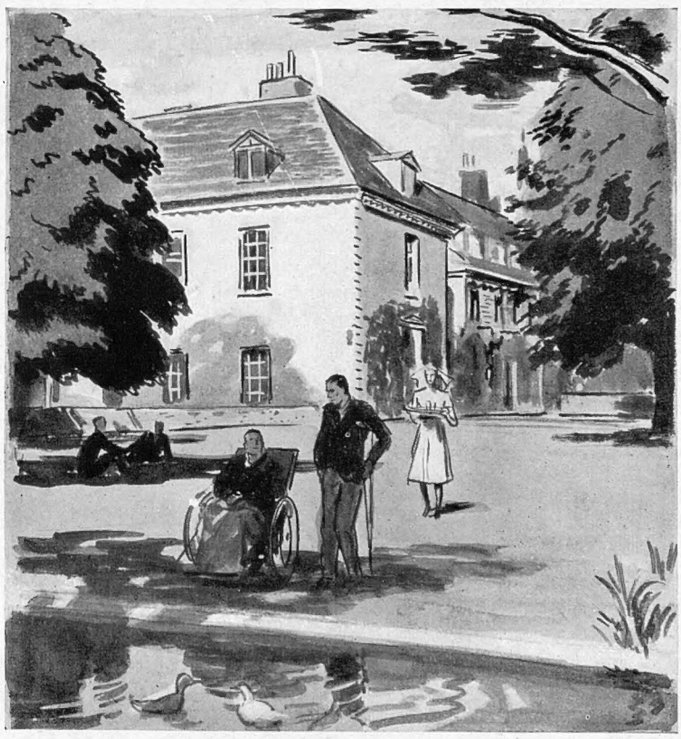

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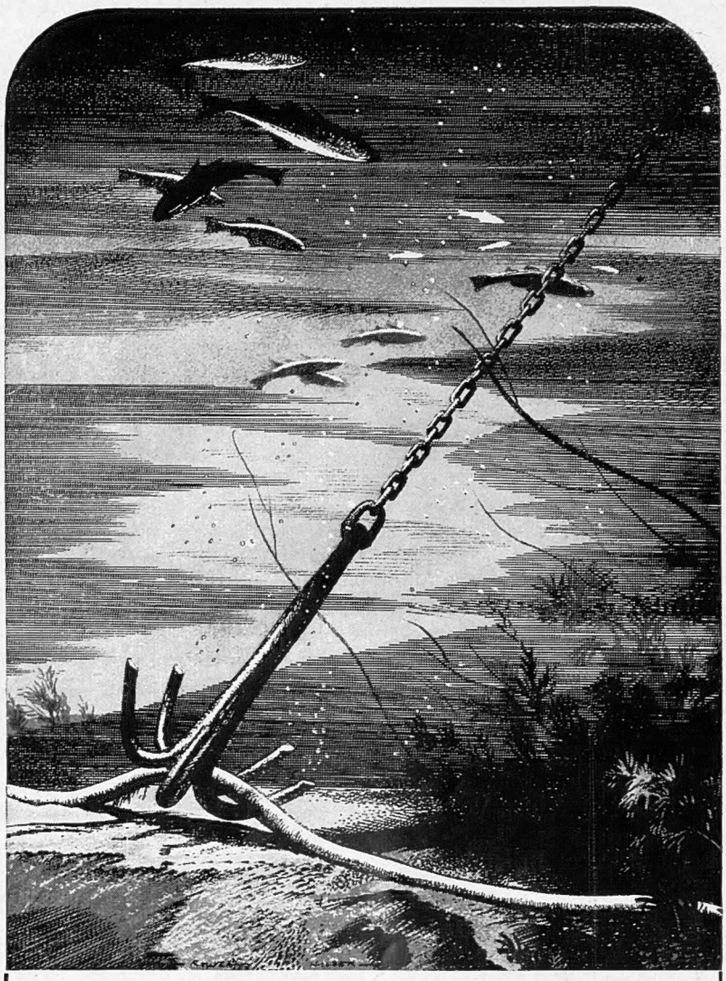

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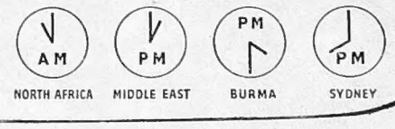

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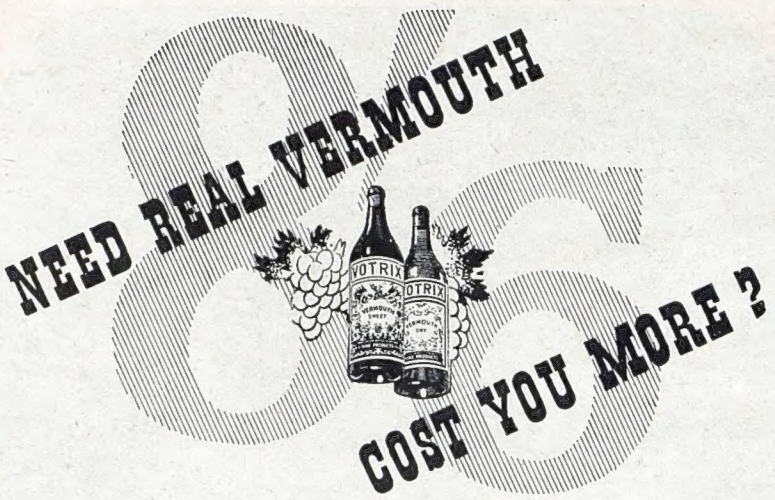

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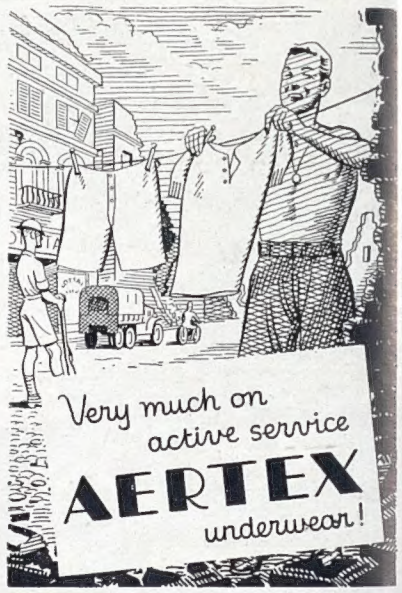

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